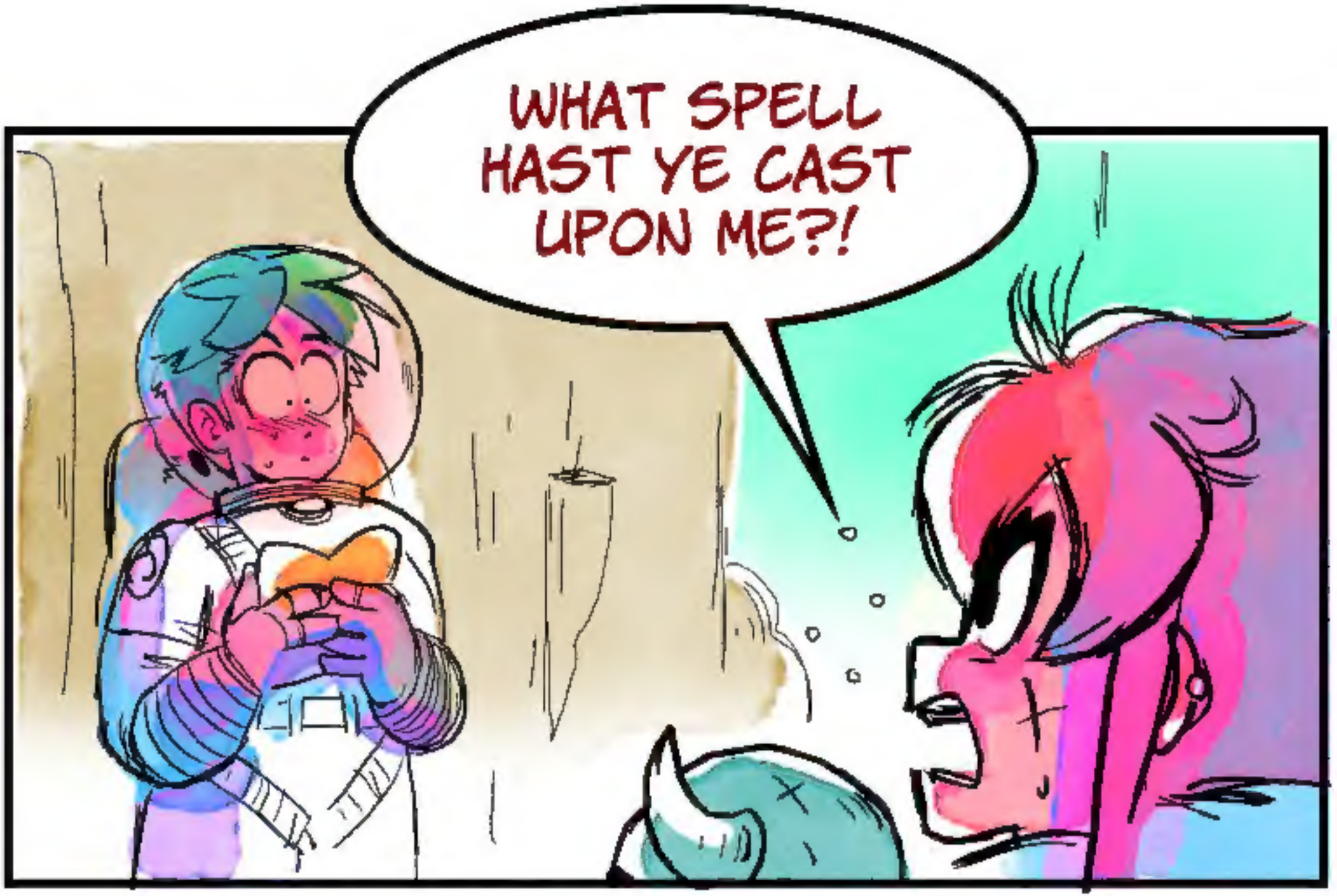
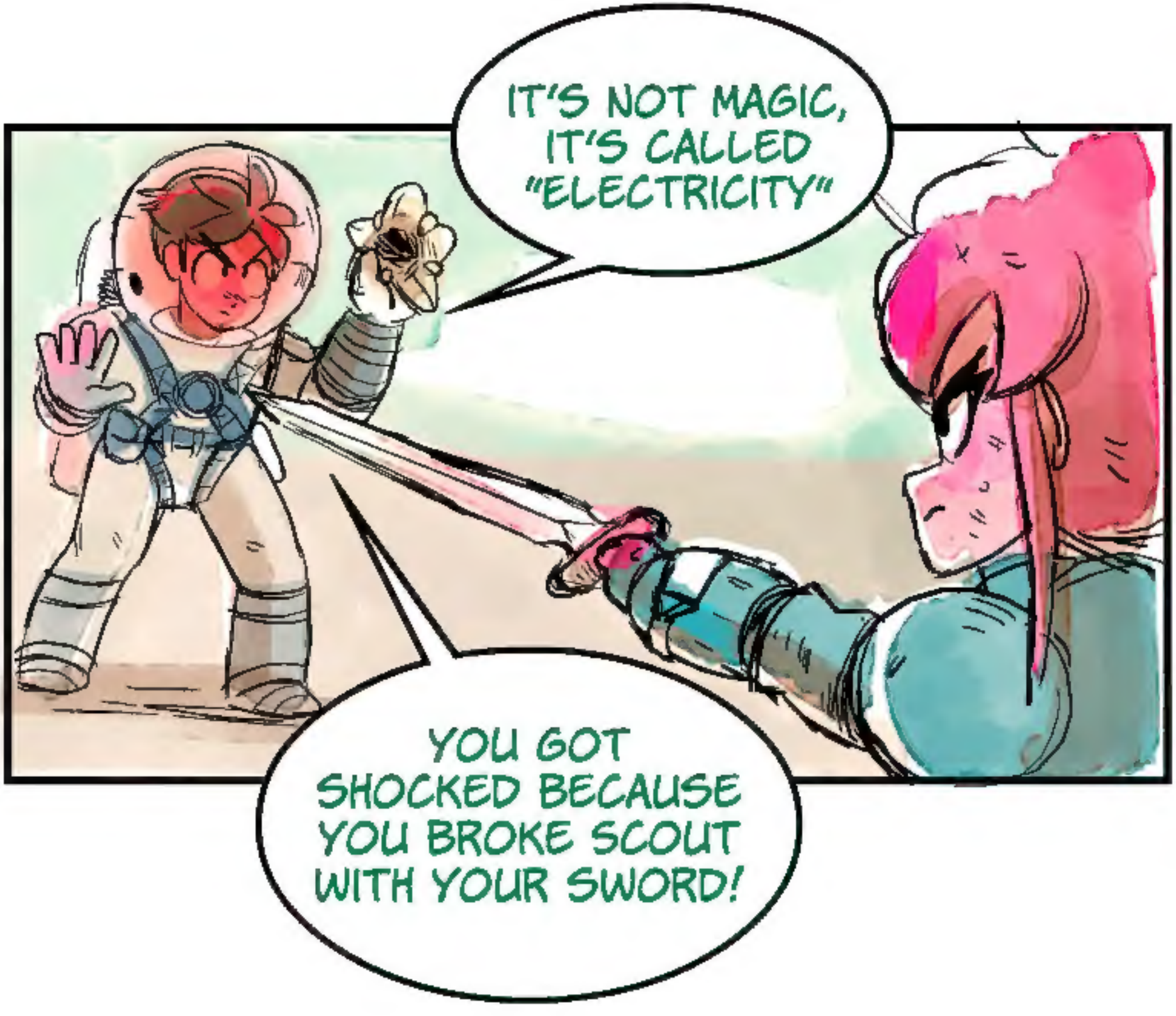
YE THERE!


WHAT SPELL HAST YE CAST UPON ME?!


IT'S NOT MAGIC, IT'S CALLED "ELECTRICITY"
YOU GOT SHOCKED BECAUSE YOU BROKE SCOUT WITH YOUR SWORD!

ROOM of SWORDS

CHAPTER 4

"HOW IT ALL BEGAN"

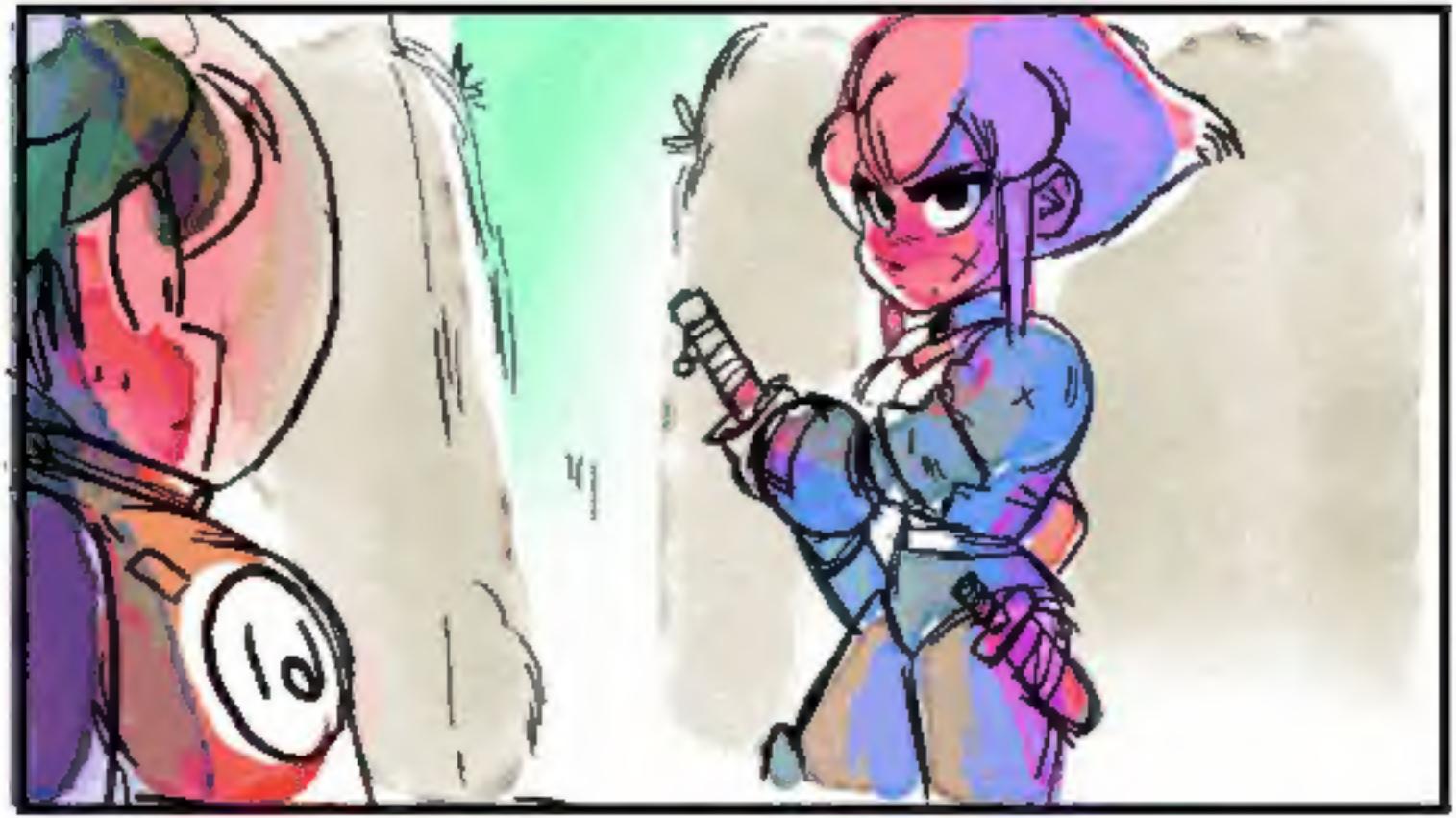
STORY AND ART BY
TOONIMATED

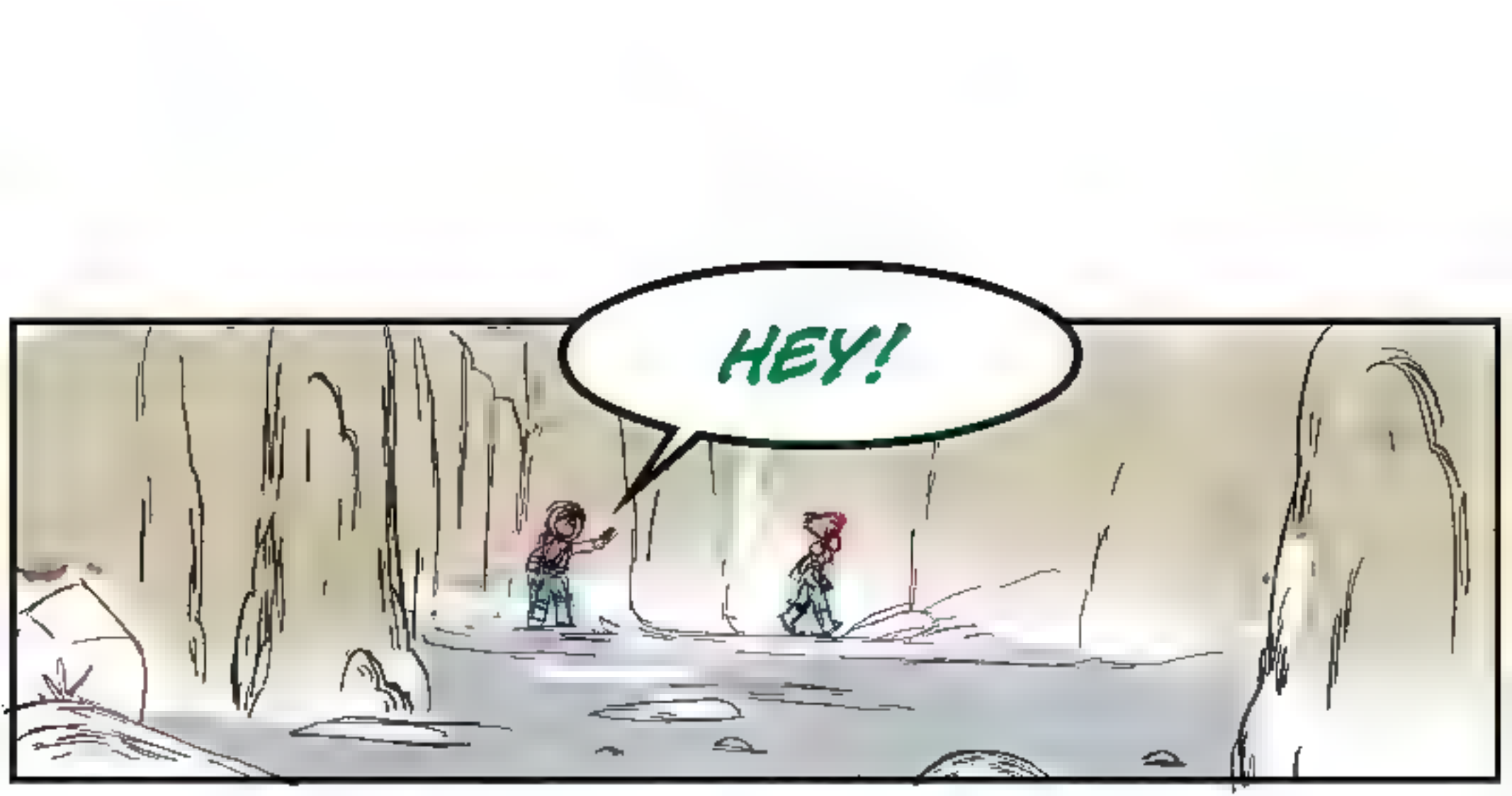
PLEASE, LISTEN...

I'M SORRY FOR WHATEVER IT IS THAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU...

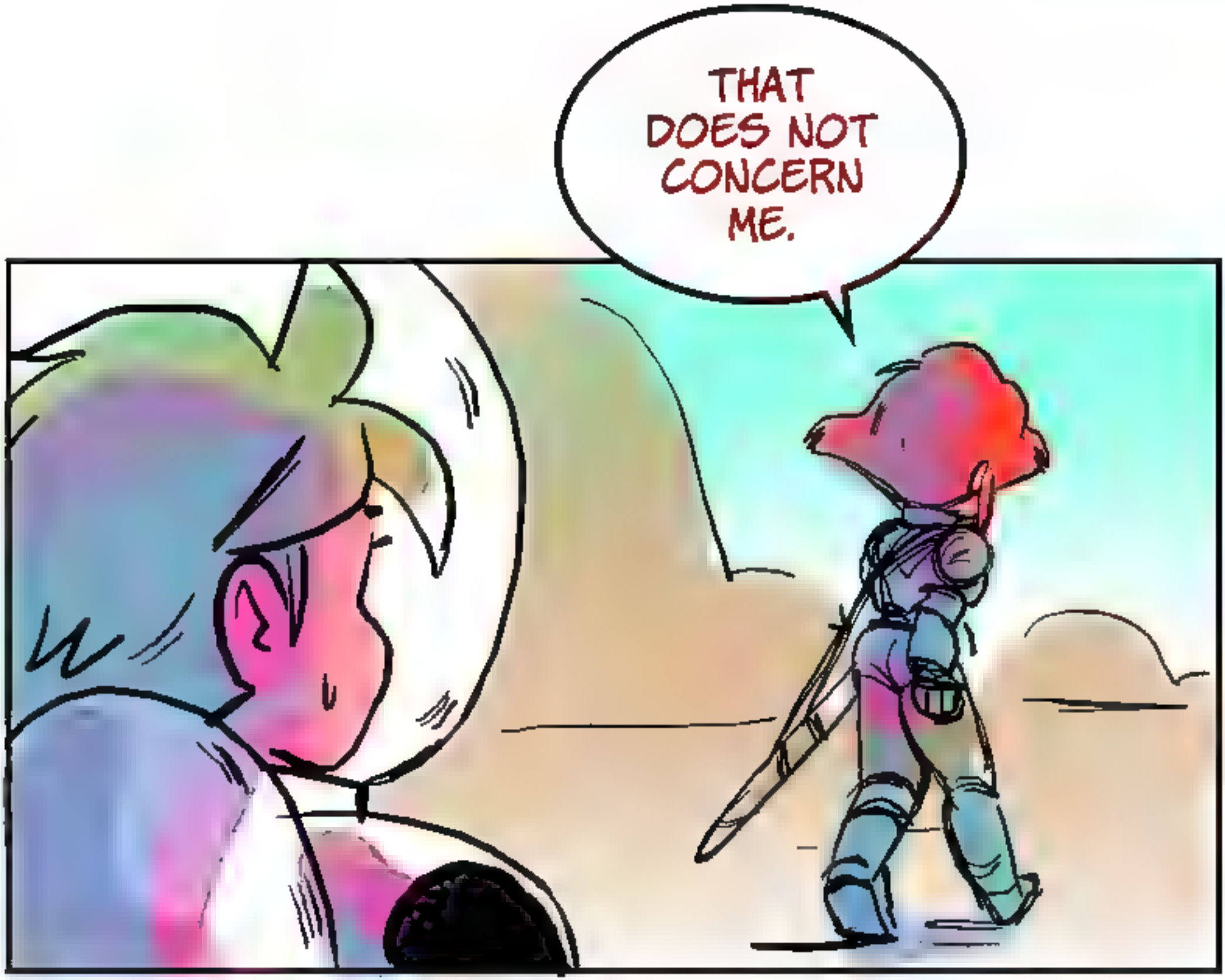
BUT I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE!
I NEEDED MY SCOUT UNIT TO FIND MY CREW!

UGH...
HE LOOKS
QUITE USELESS
AFTER ALL.

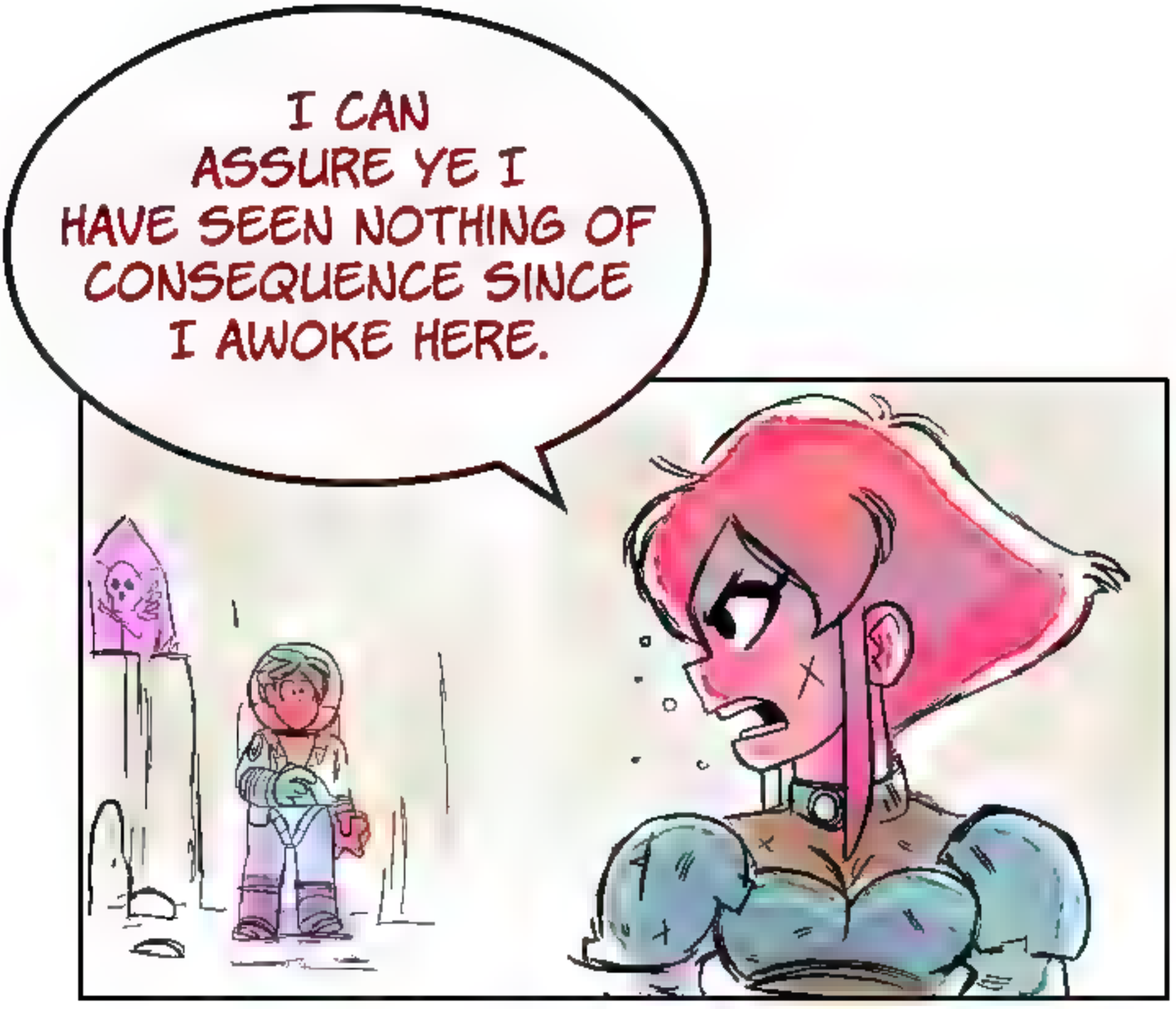


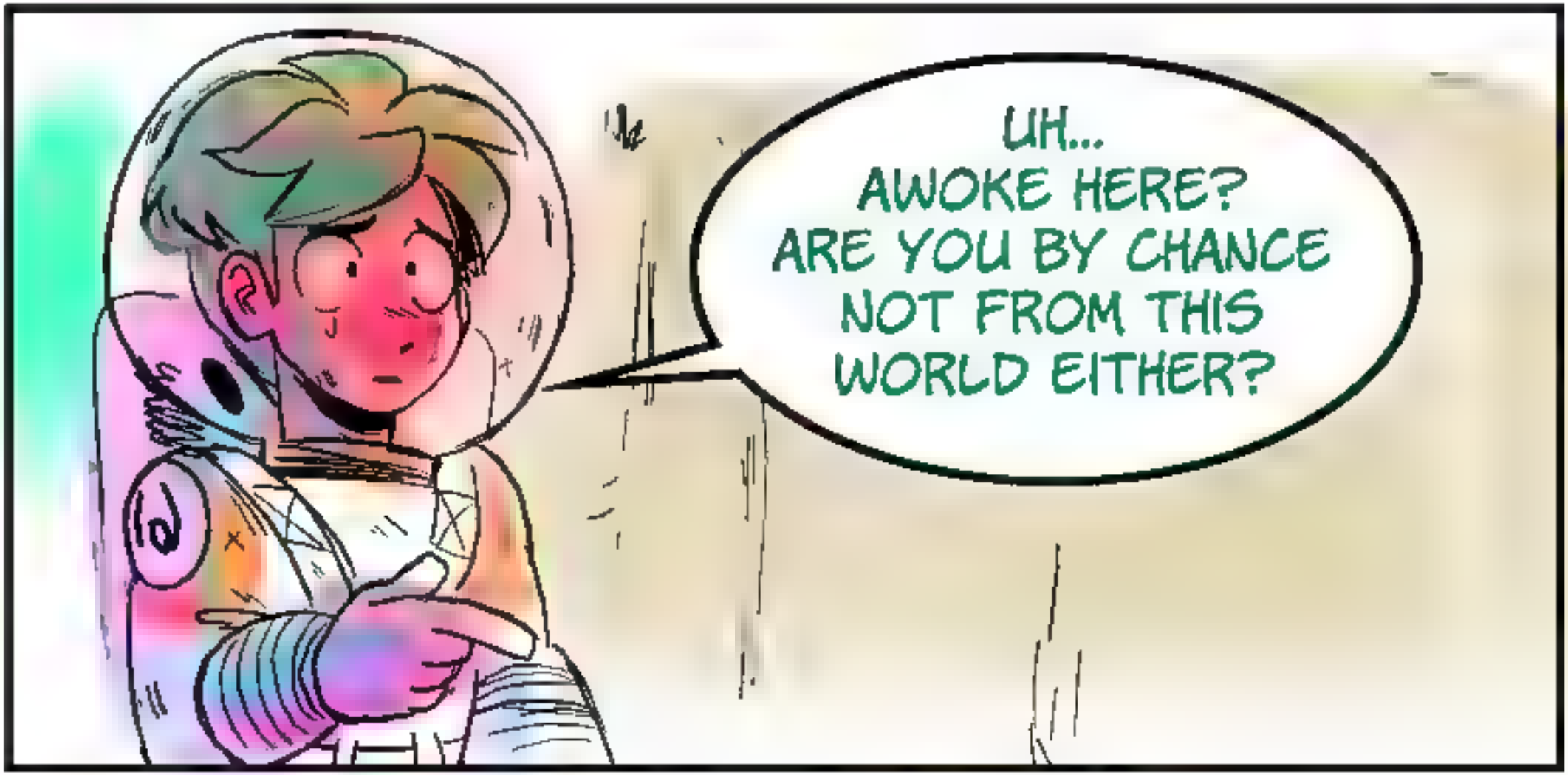

HEY!

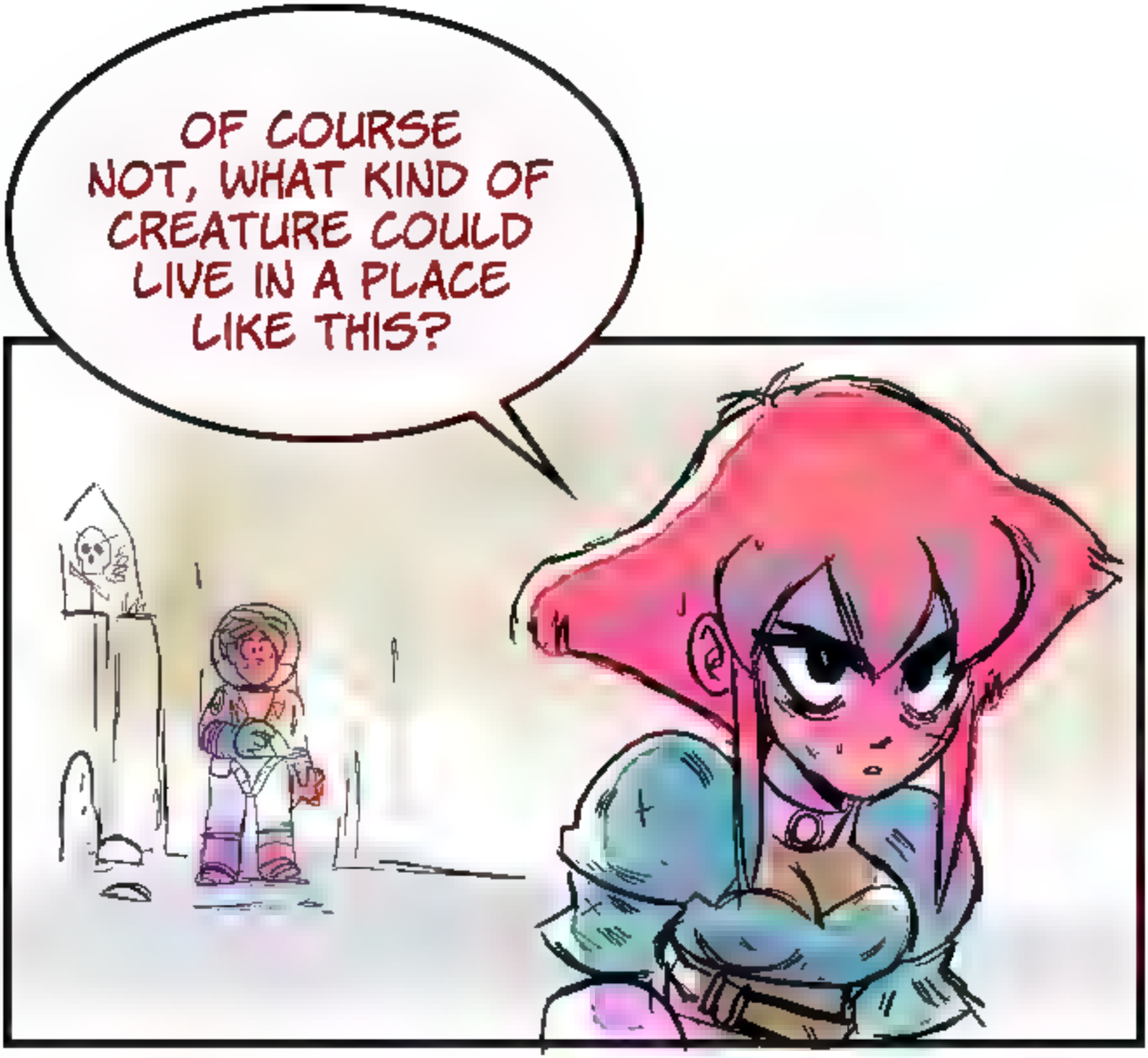
ARE YOU REALLY JUST GOING TO WALK AWAY?
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO NOW?!


THAT DOES NOT CONCERN ME.

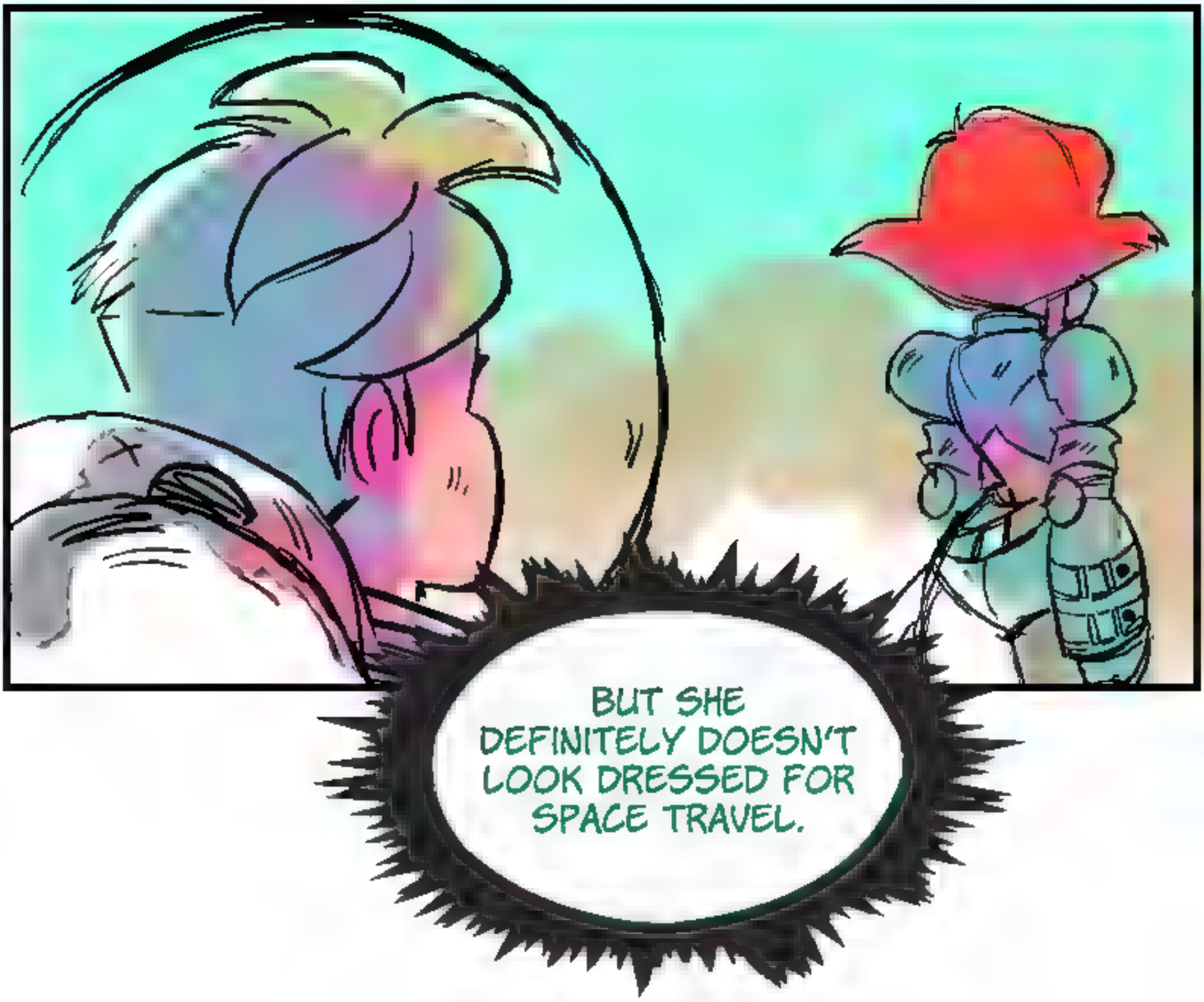
WAIT! HAVE YOU HAPPENED TO SEE ANYONE ELSE DRESSED LIKE ME AROUND HERE?
OR MAYBE A SHIP!?


I CAN ASSURE YE I HAVE SEEN NOTHING OF CONSEQUENCE SINCE I AWOKE HERE.


UH...
AWOKE HERE?
ARE YOU BY CHANCE
NOT FROM THIS
WORLD EITHER?

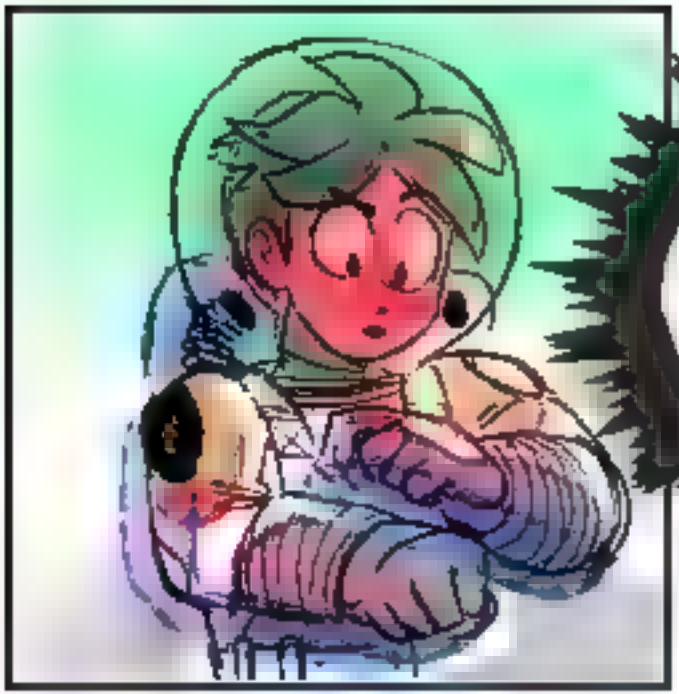

OF COURSE NOT, WHAT KIND OF CREATURE COULD LIVE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?

SHE'S NOT FROM HERE EITHER?
HAS SHE CRASH LANDED JUST LIKE ME?


BUT SHE DEFINITELY DOESN'T LOOK DRESSED FOR SPACE TRAVEL.

SHE CLEARLY ISN'T HAVING ANY TROUBLE BREATHING THE AIR, THOUGH.

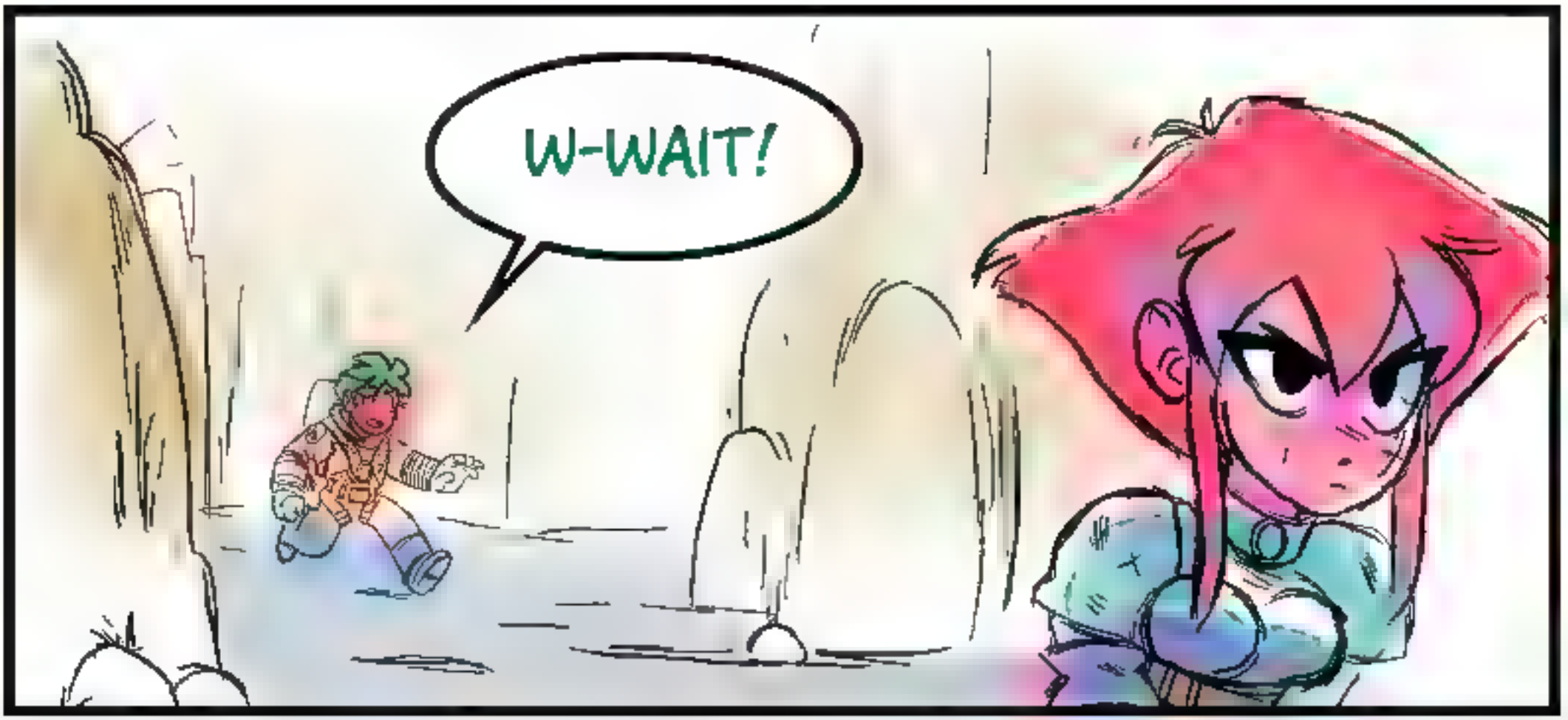
LOW OXYGEN
0:09 HRS REMAINING
DOES THAT MEAN THERE'S HOPE FOR ME?

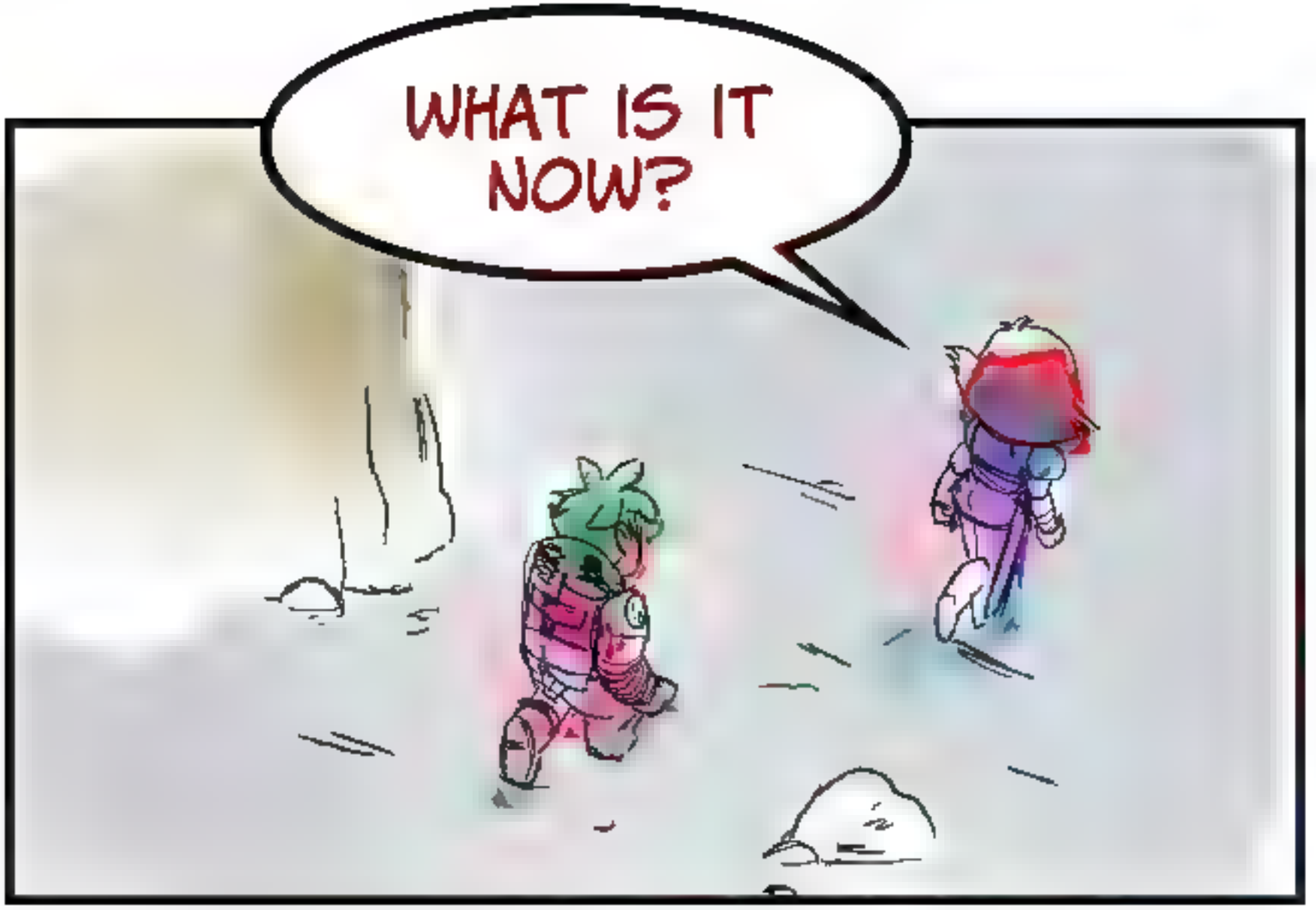


THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.

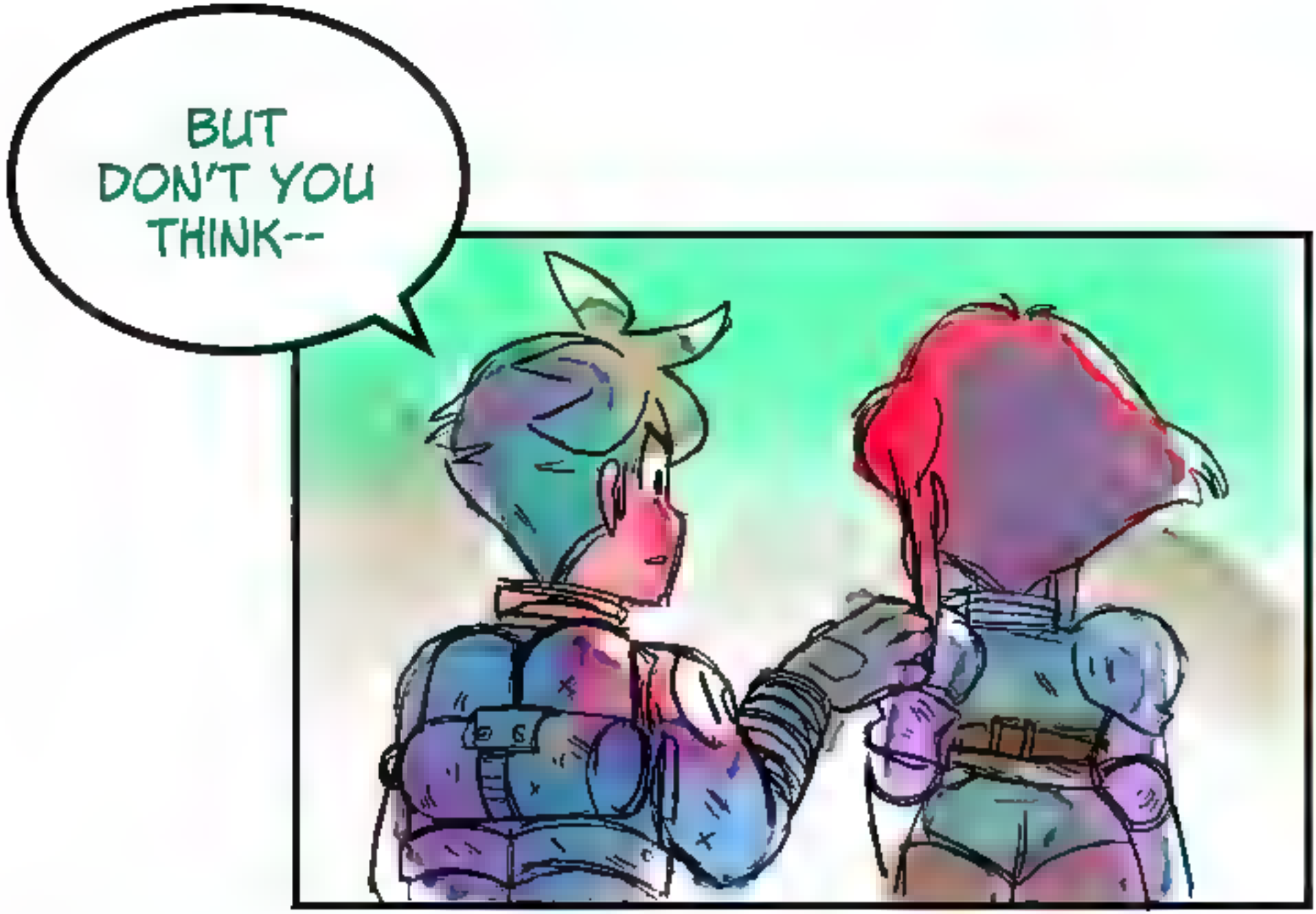
THE AIR'S
NOT TOXIC...

HOLY SHIT! I'M NOT GONNA DIE!

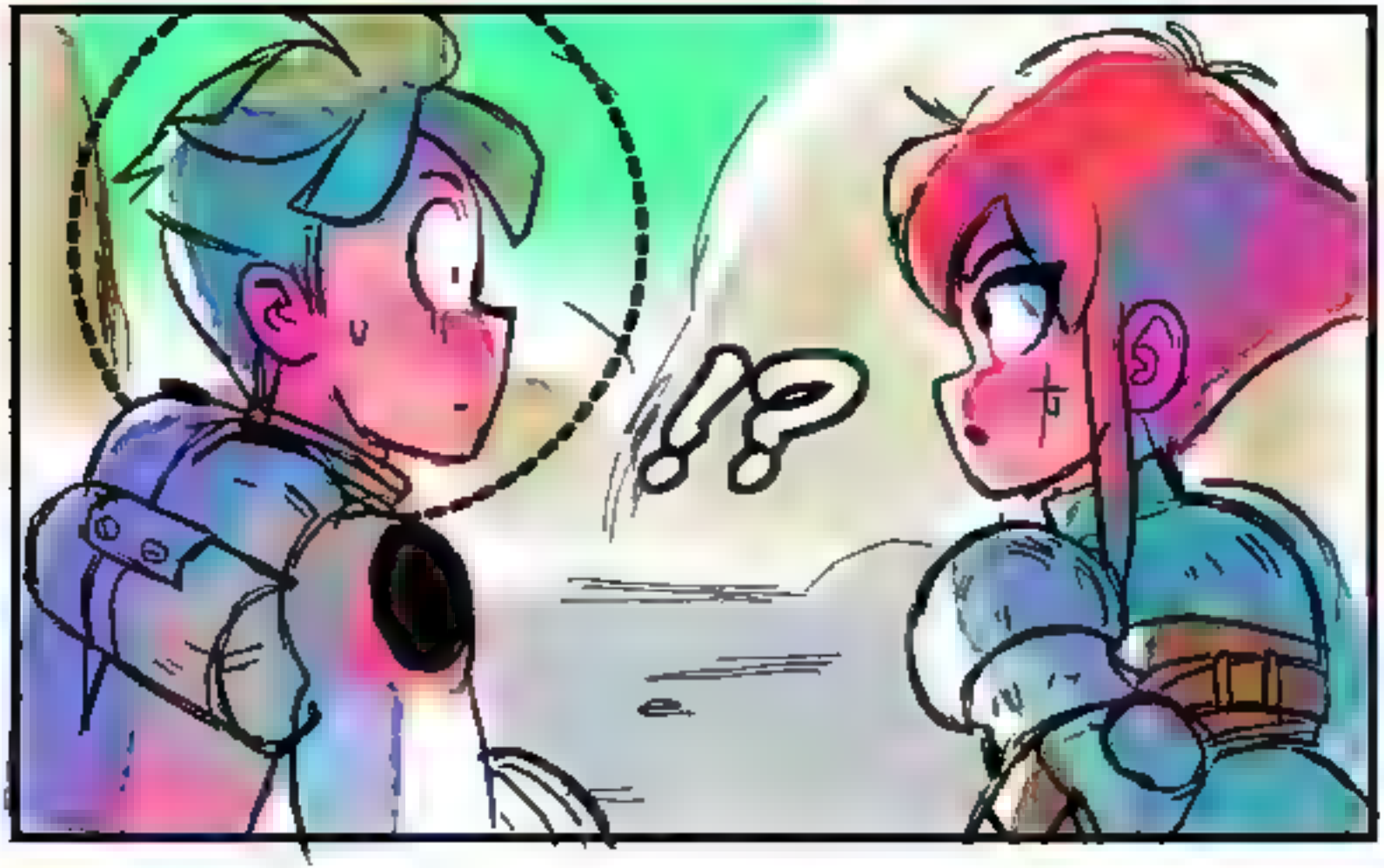

W-WAIT!


WHAT IS IT NOW?

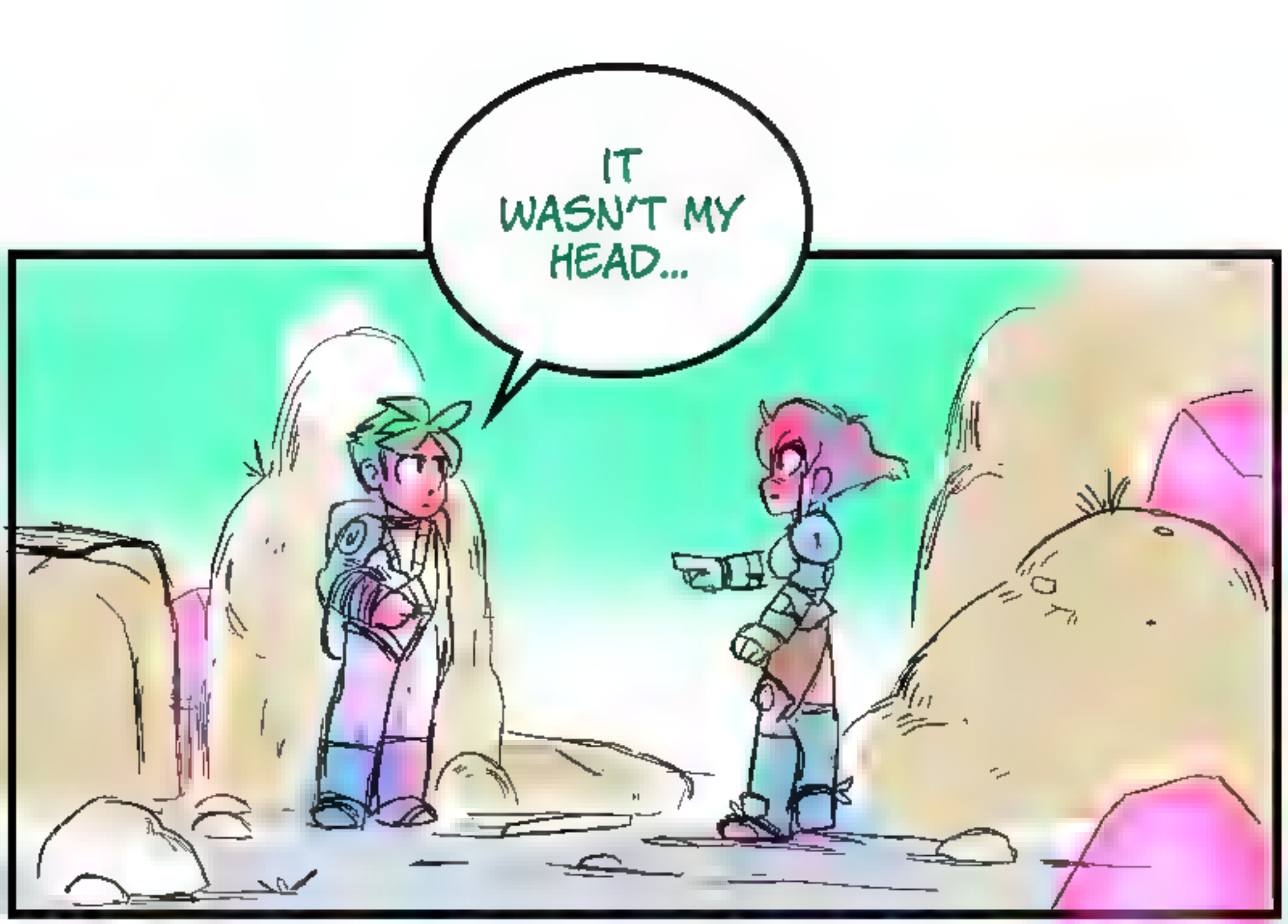
MAYBE...
WE CAN TRAVEL TOGETHER?
SURELY YE JEST.


BUT DON'T YOU THINK--

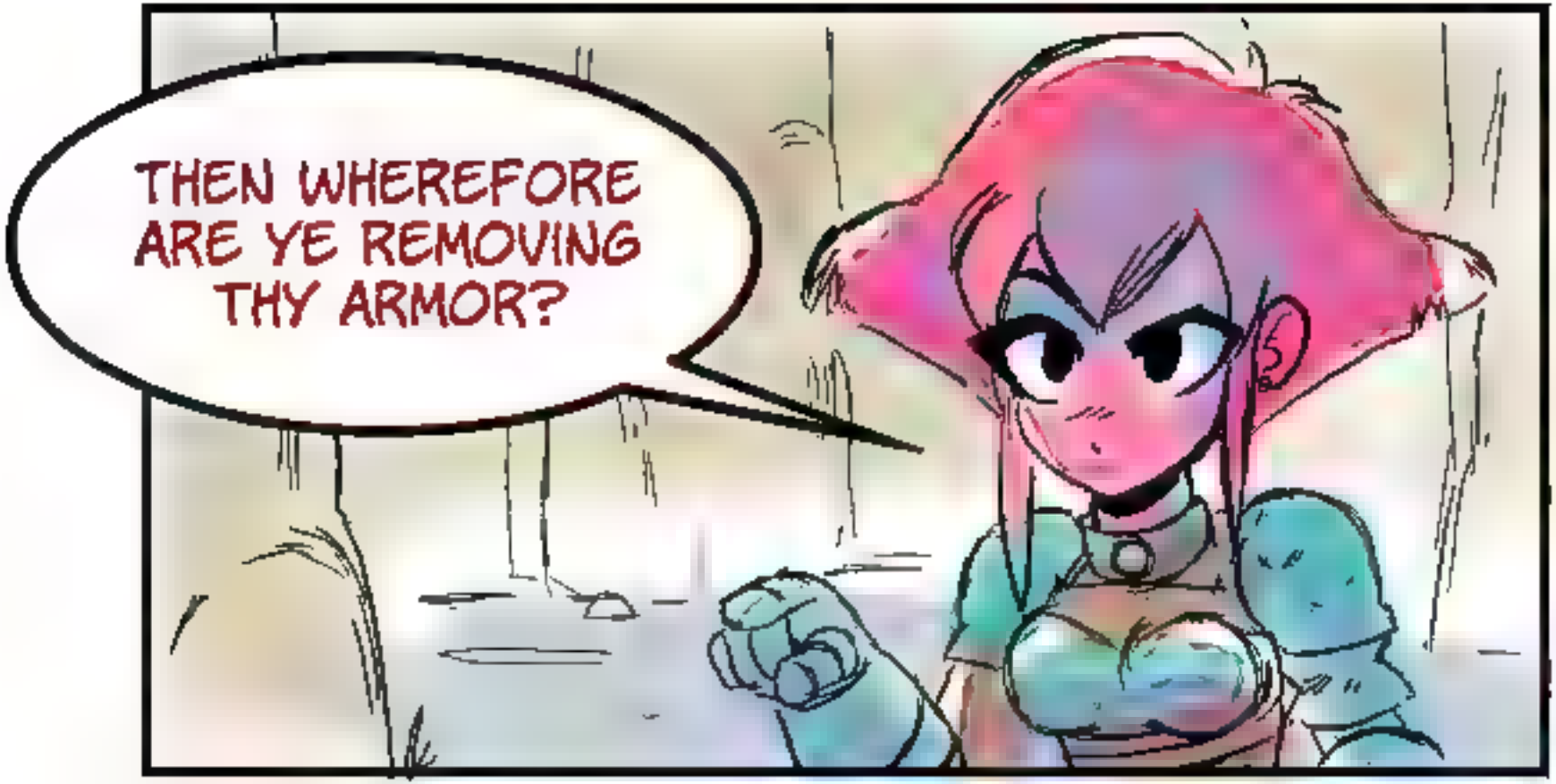
I SPARED
THY LIFE ONCE.
KINDLY LEAVE ERE
I THINK BETTER
OF IT!

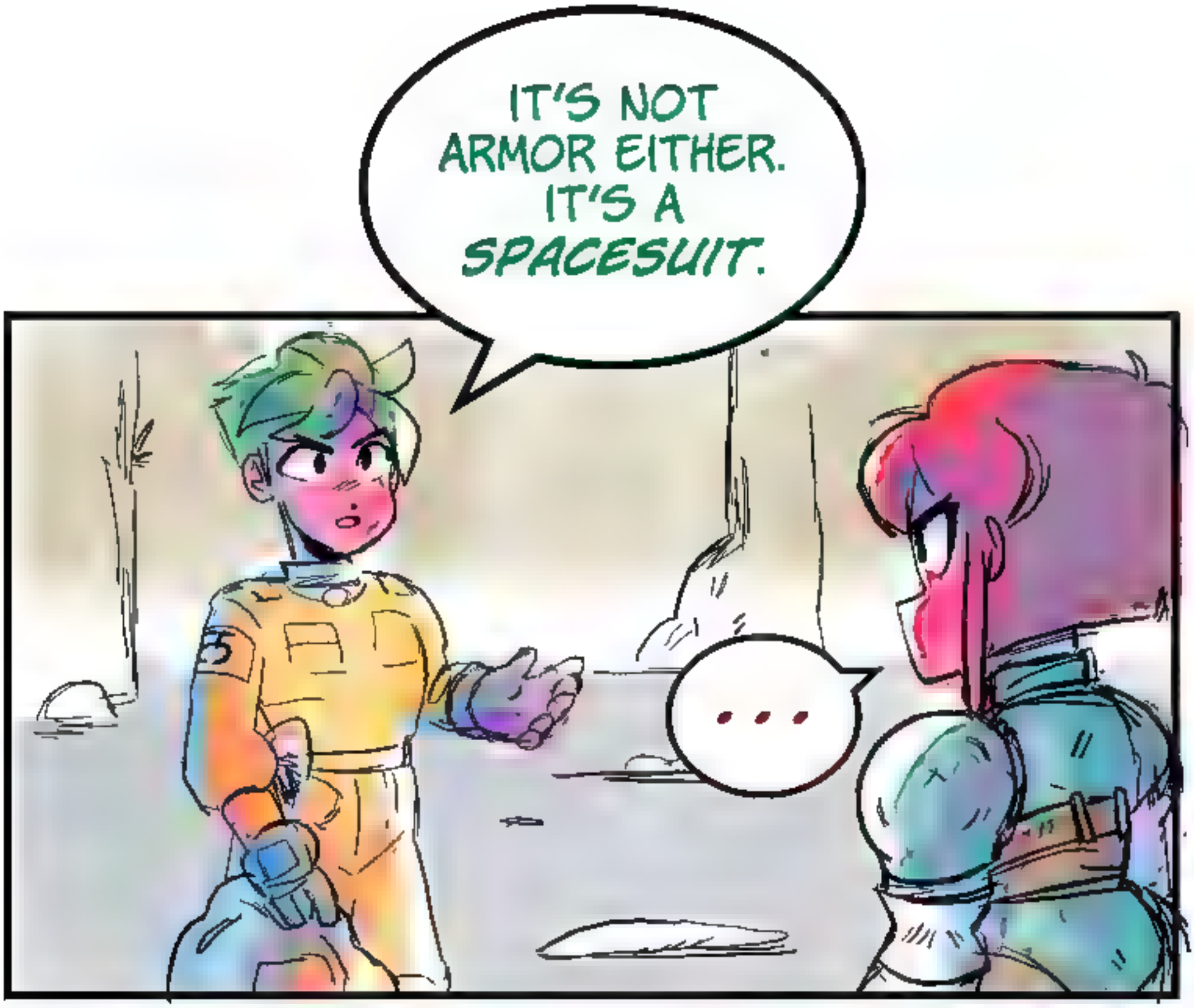


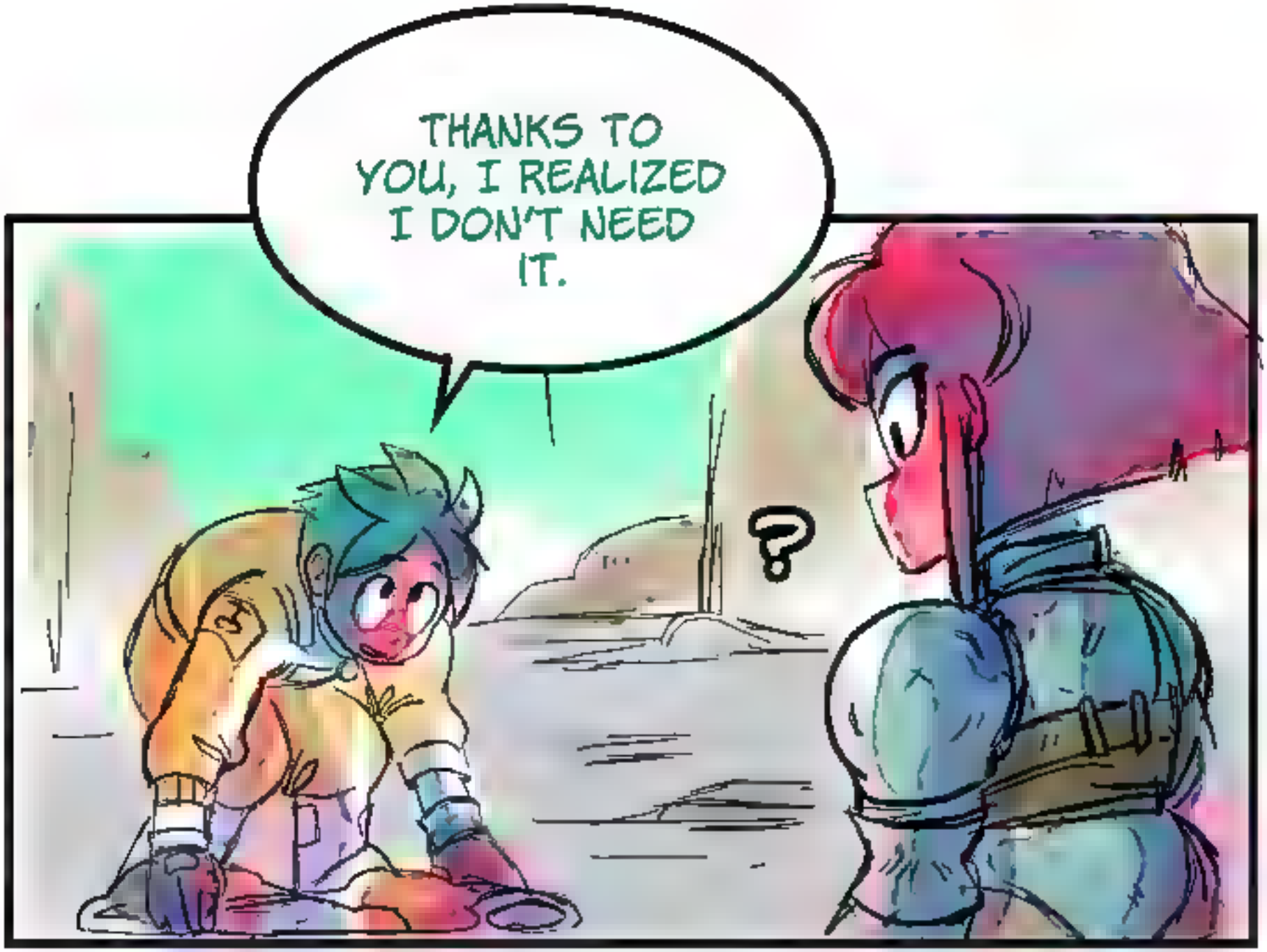
WHERE DID THY FUNNY HEAD GO?

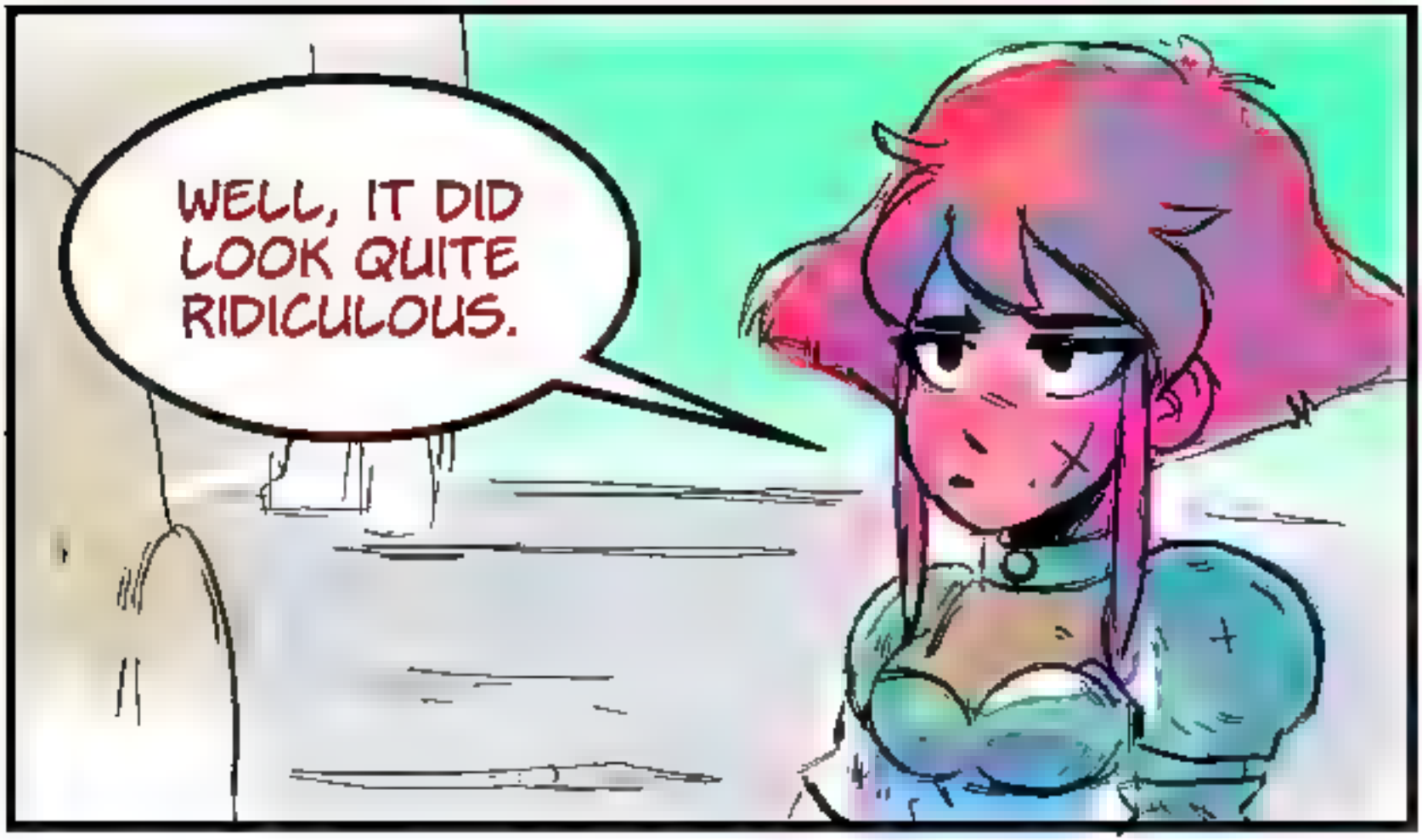

IT WASN'T MY HEAD...

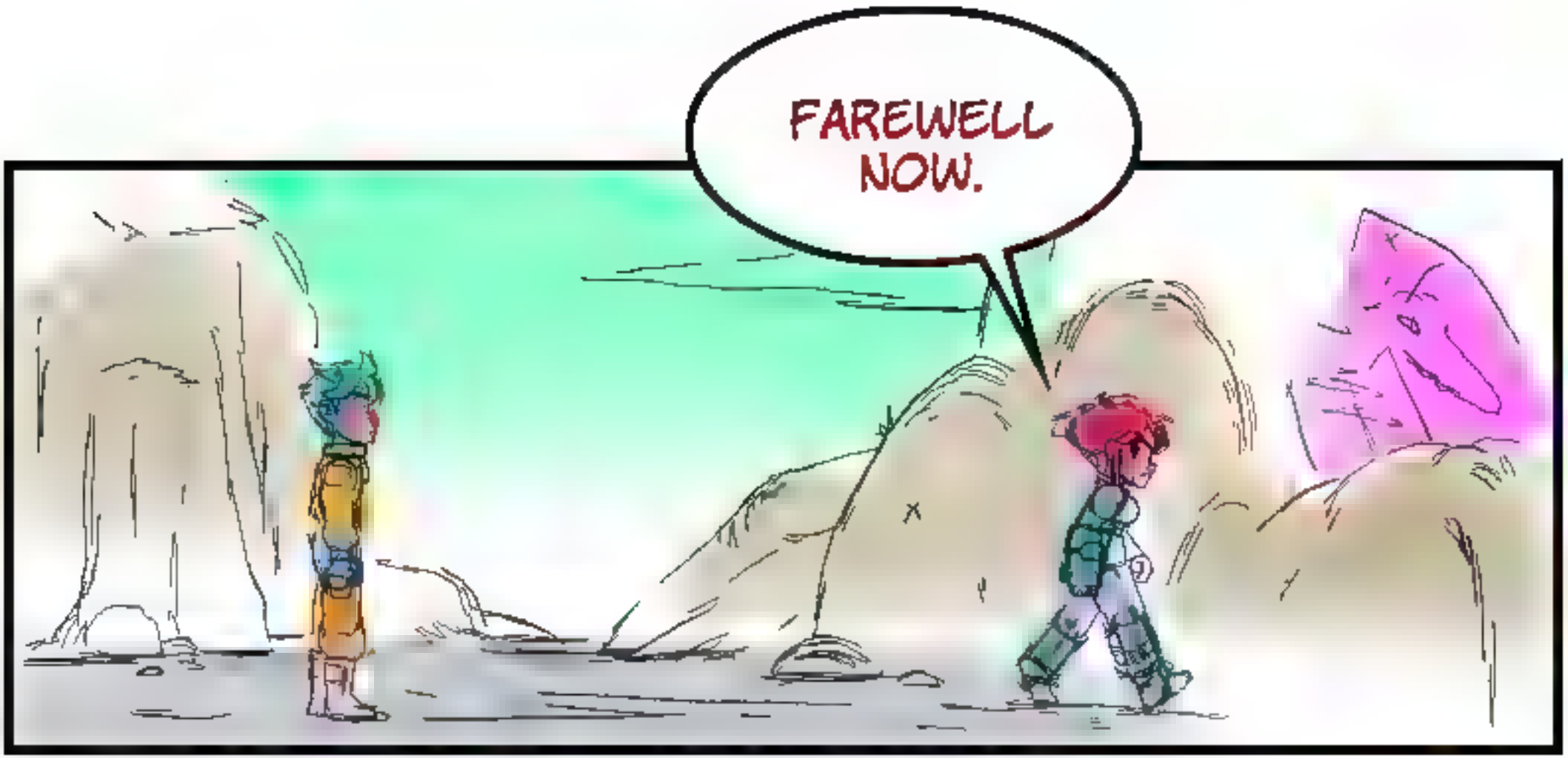
IT'S JUST A SUIT. KINDA LIKE YOURS.


THEN WHEREFORE ARE YE REMOVING THY ARMOR?

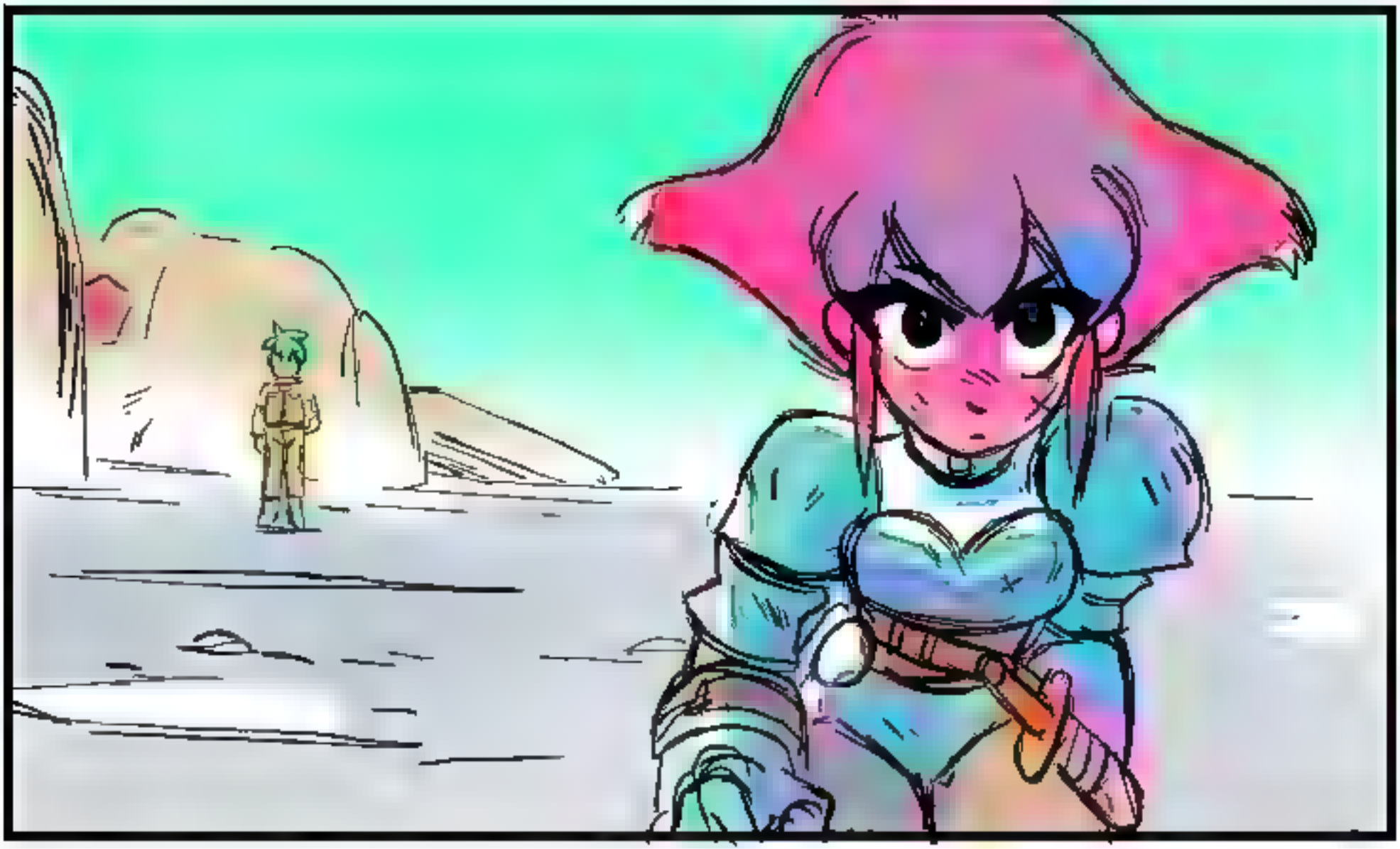

IT'S NOT ARMOR EITHER. IT'S A SPACESUIT.
...


THANKS TO YOU, I REALIZED I DON'T NEED IT.
?

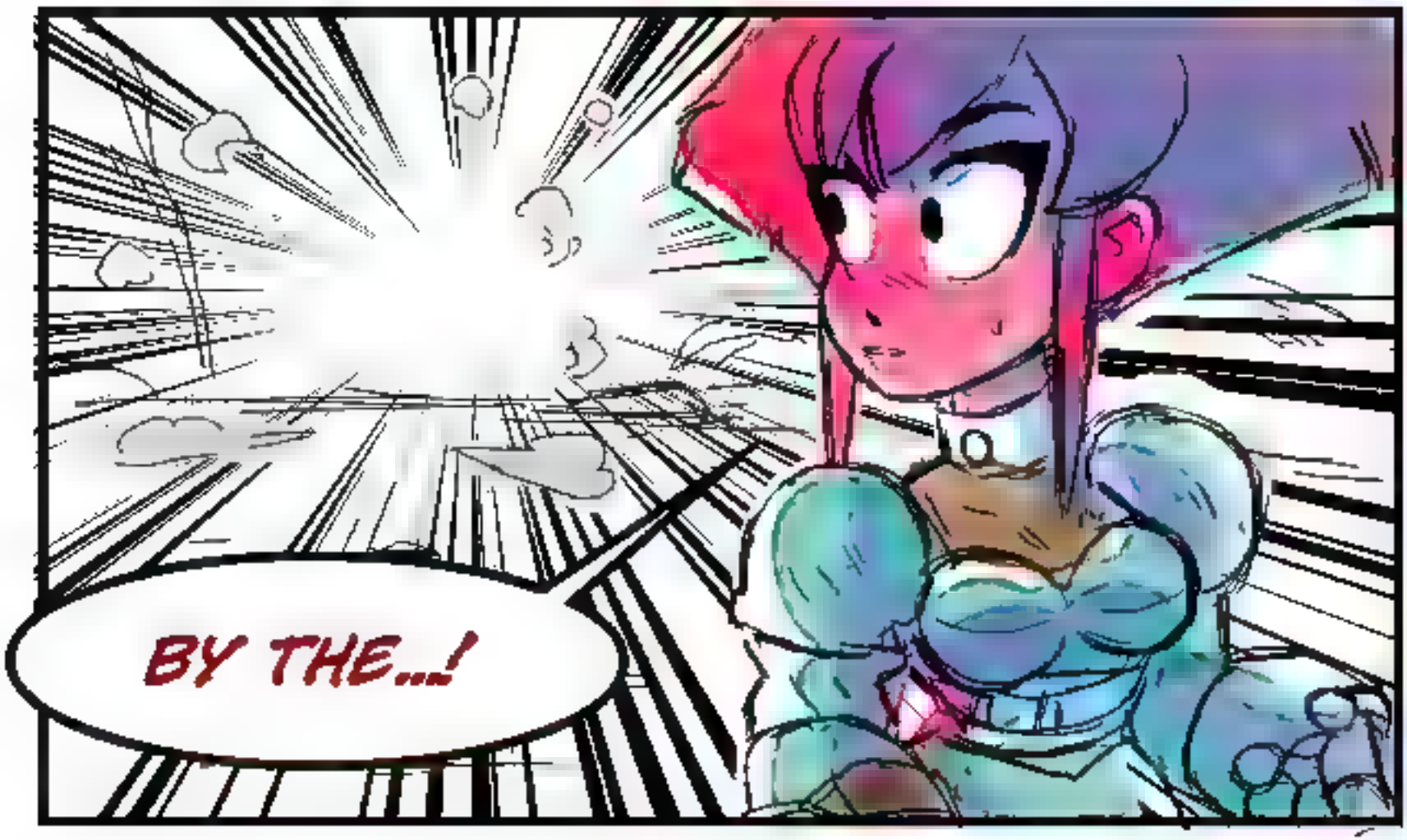

WELL, IT DID LOOK QUITE RIDICULOUS.

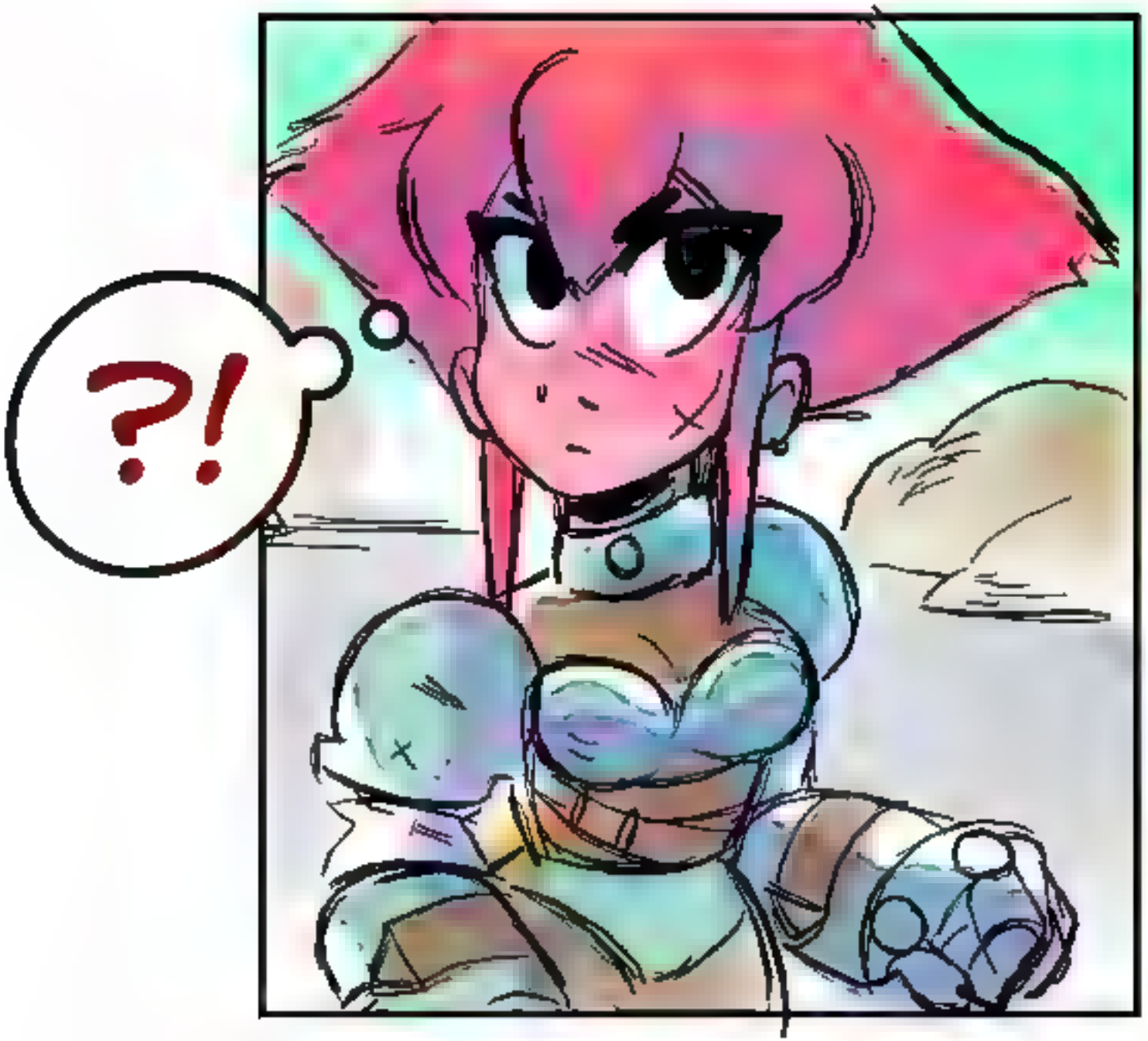

FAREWELL NOW.

HM...!

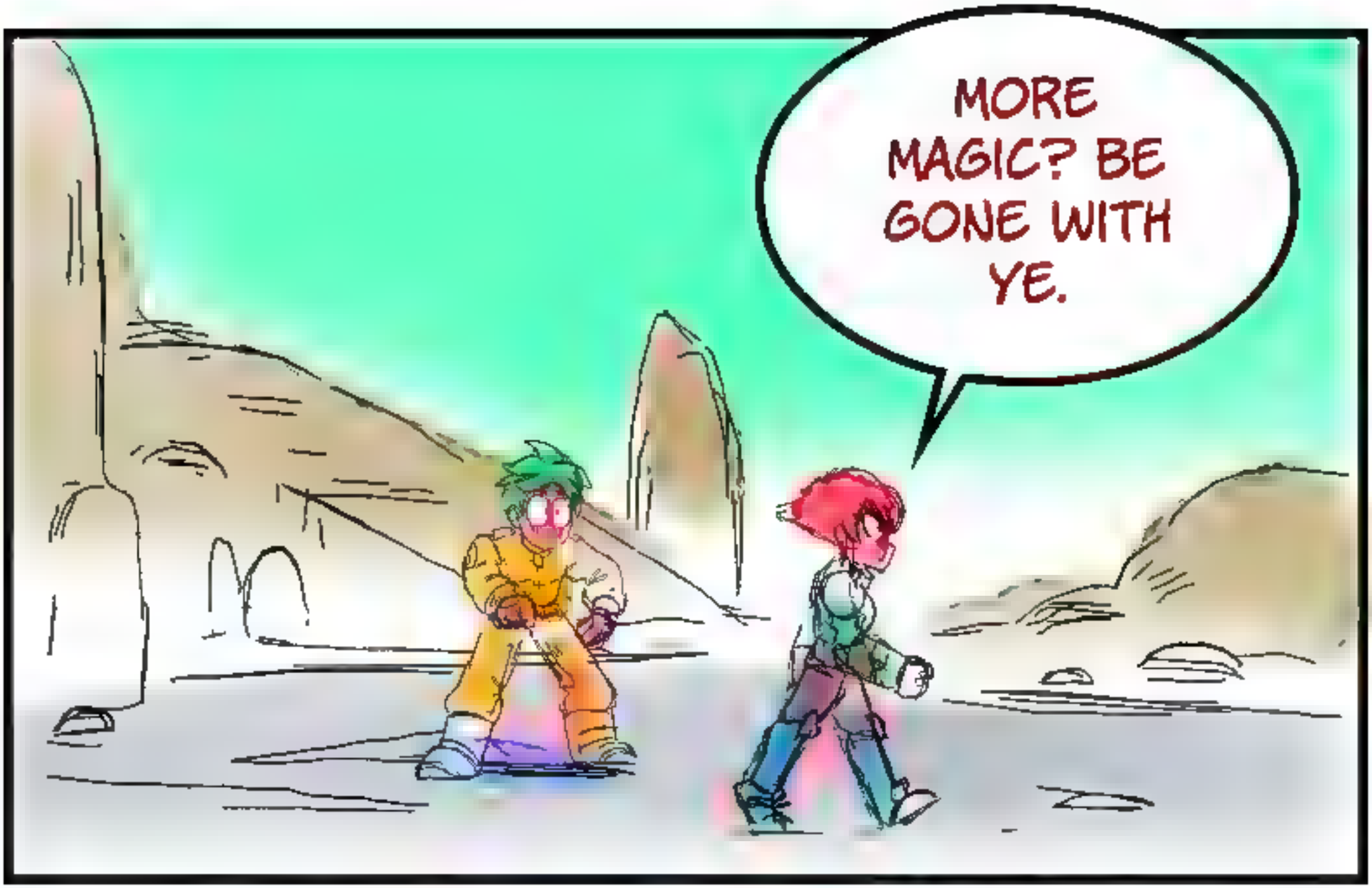


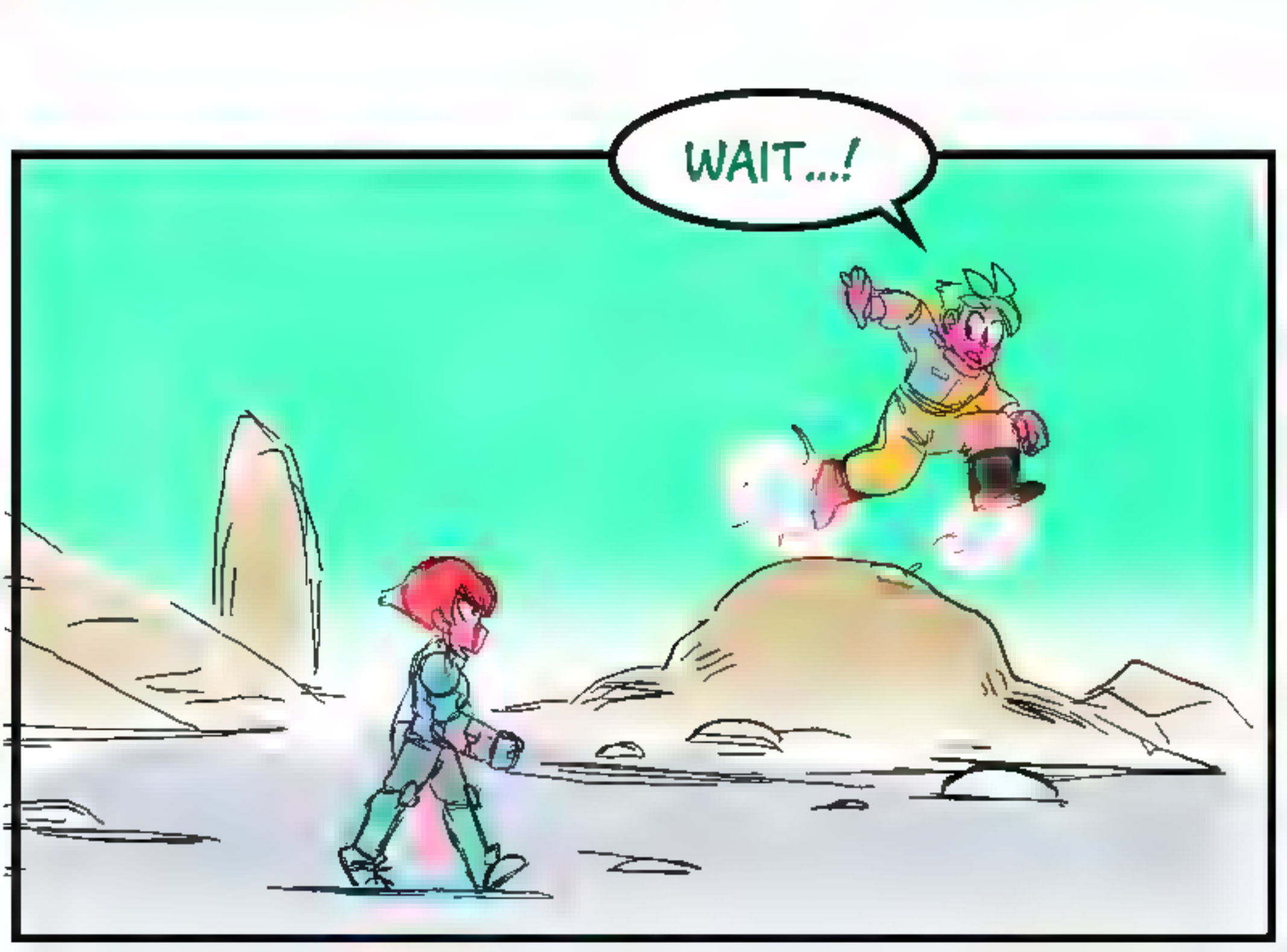
BOOM!


BY THE...!



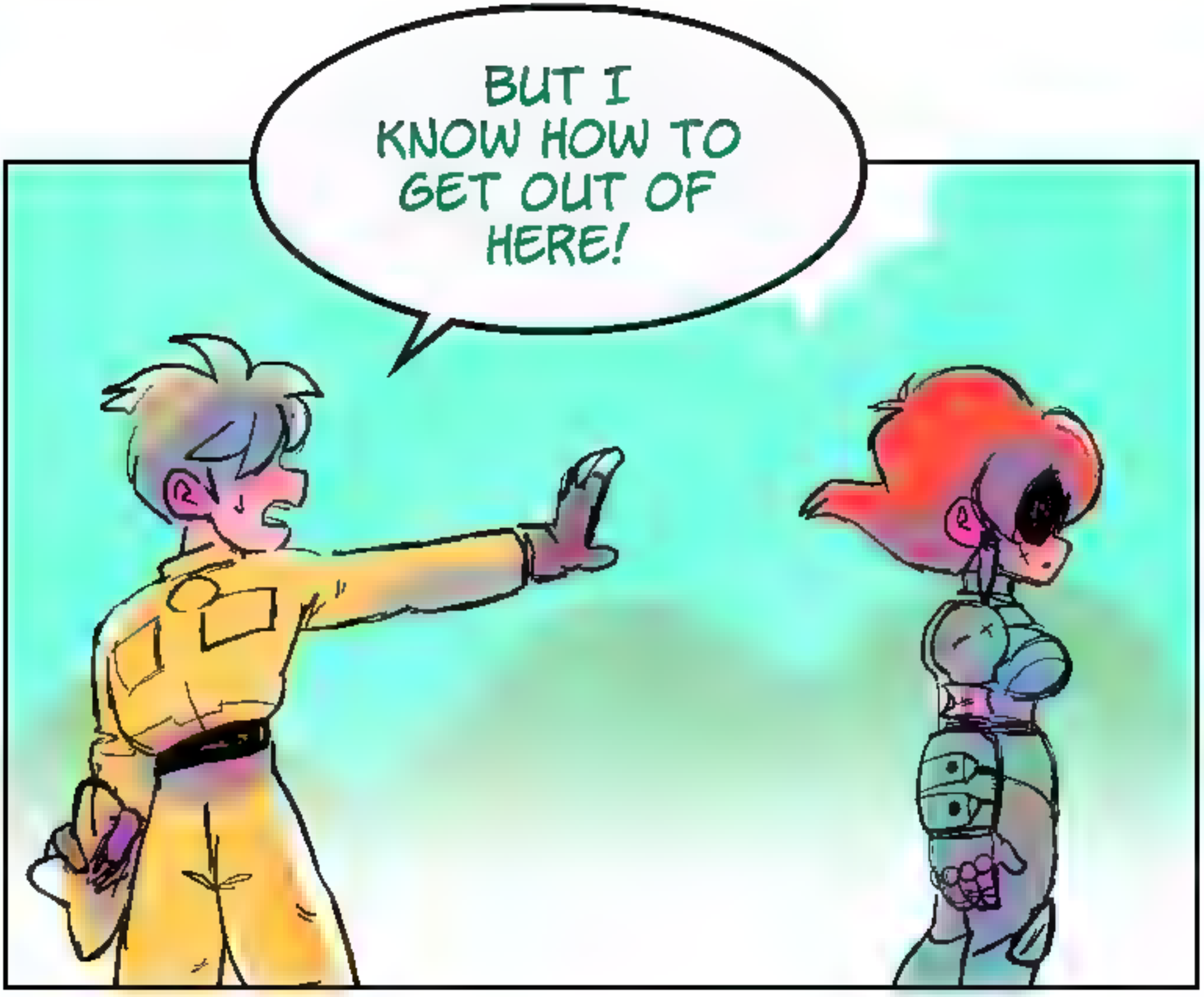
CHECK IT OUT! NOW THAT I'M LIGHTER, I CAN USE MY JUMP BOOTS!


MORE MAGIC? BE GONE WITH YE.


WAIT...!

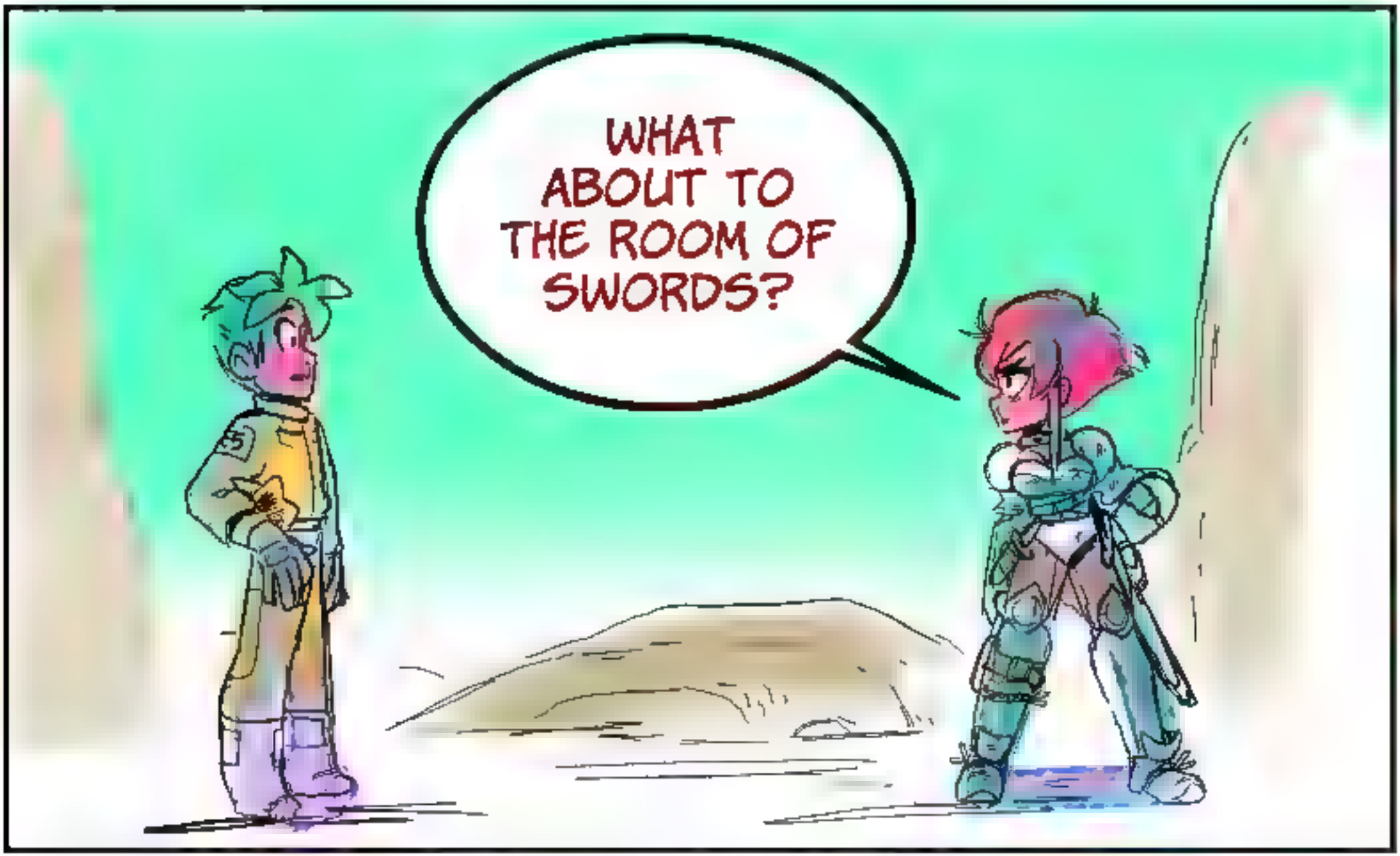
I REALLY THINK WE CAN HELP EACHOTHER OUT!

I DO NOT REQUIRE THY HELP. MOVE ASIDE.


BUT I KNOW HOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!

WE JUST NEED TO FIND MY SHIP!

LOOK, I KNOW I'M NOT CUT OUT TO LAST LONG ON MY OWN...
BUT IF YOU HELP ME REACH MY SHIP, I CAN TAKE YOU WHEREVER YOU NEED TO GO!

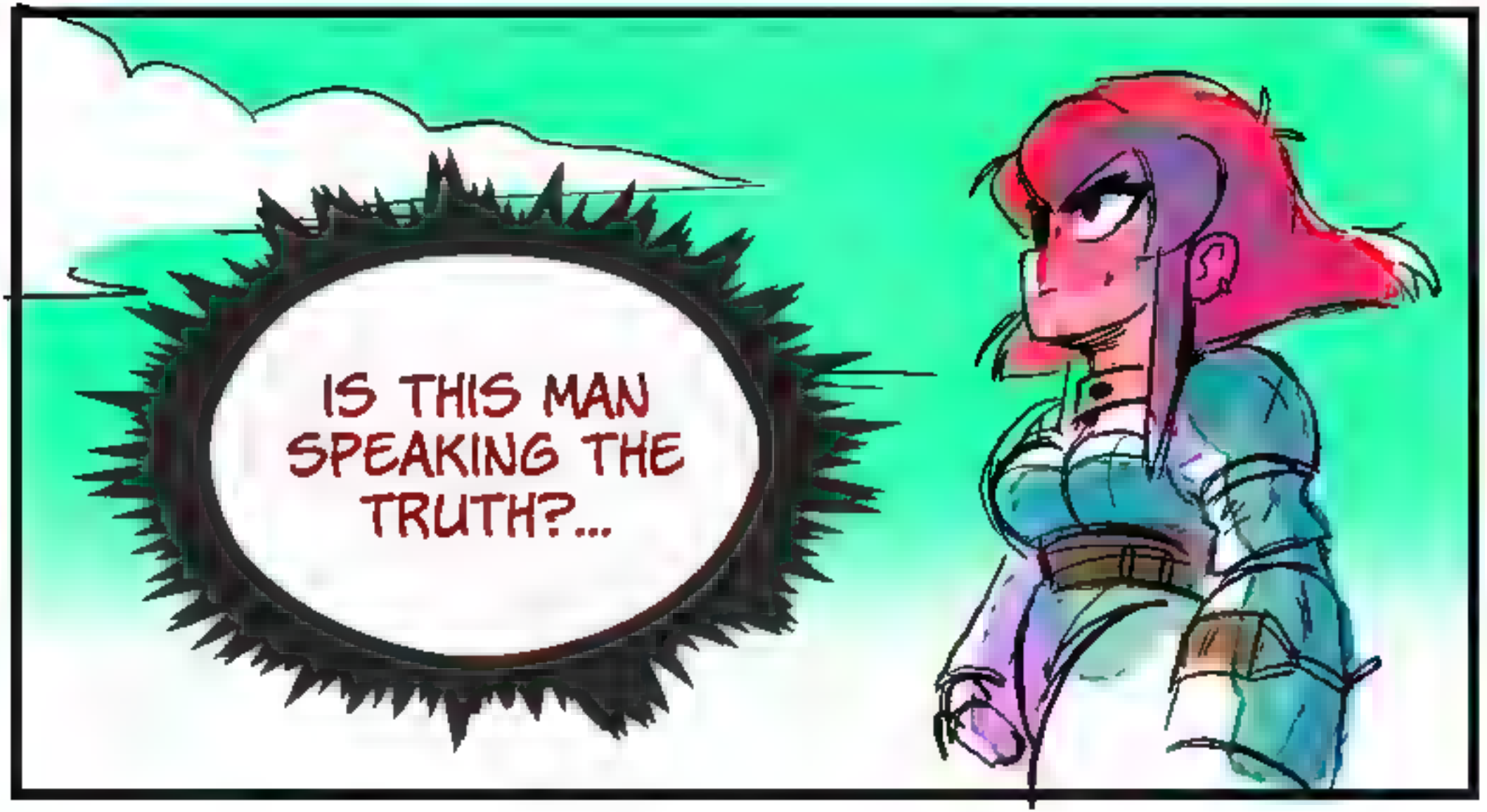

WHAT ABOUT TO THE ROOM OF SWORDS?

UH...
THE WHAT?

I HEARD A VOICE FROM THE SKY SAY THAT WE MUST RESTORE THE ROOM OF SWORDS.
THAT IT WOULD OPEN THE GATE TO FREEDOM.

UH--
I SEE...

SURE,
I DON'T SEE
WHY NOT.


IS THIS MAN SPEAKING THE TRUTH?...

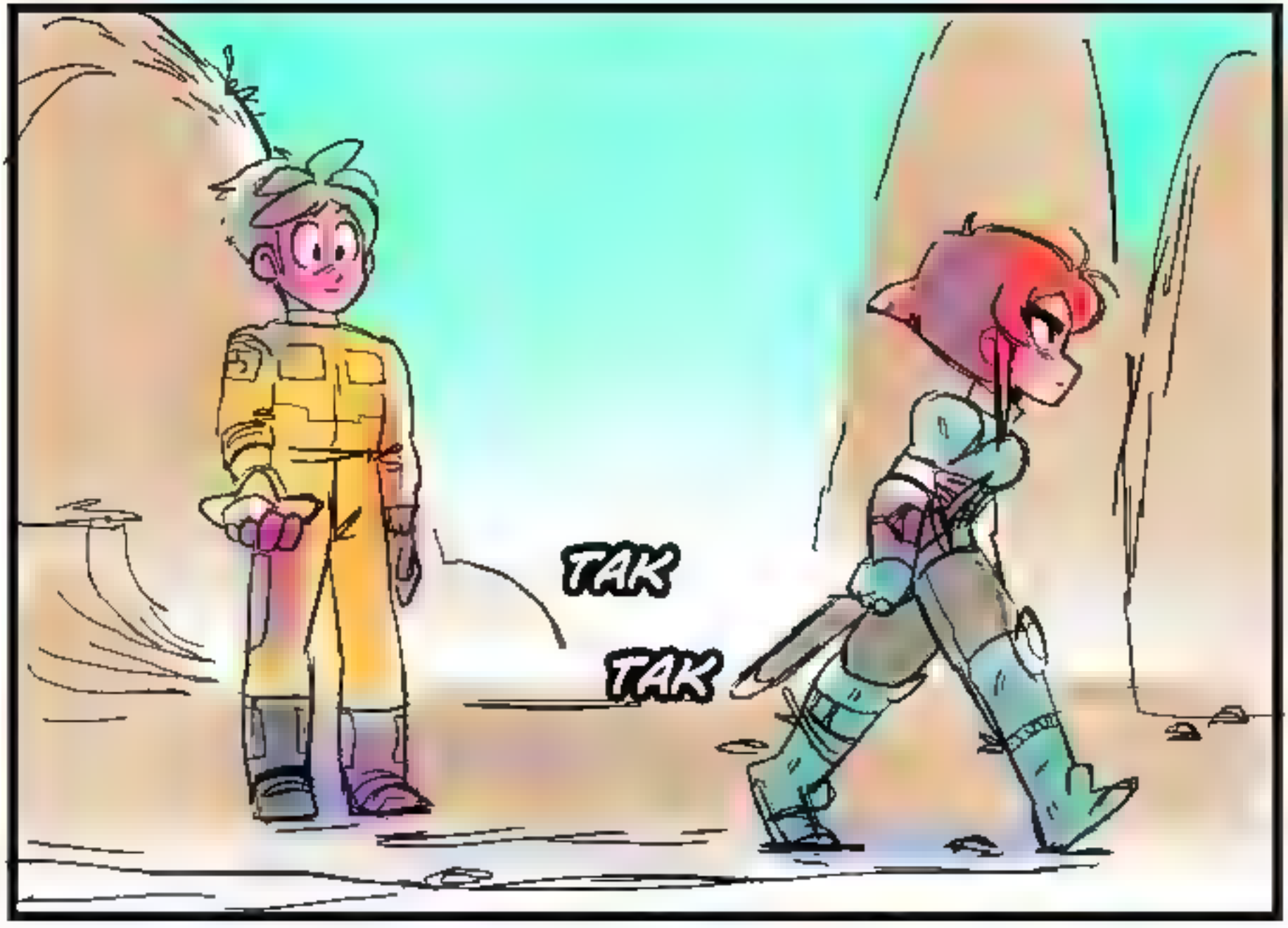
HE APPEARS EASY ENOUGH TO DISPOSE OF SHOULD HE PROVE DISHONEST...

VERY WELL!

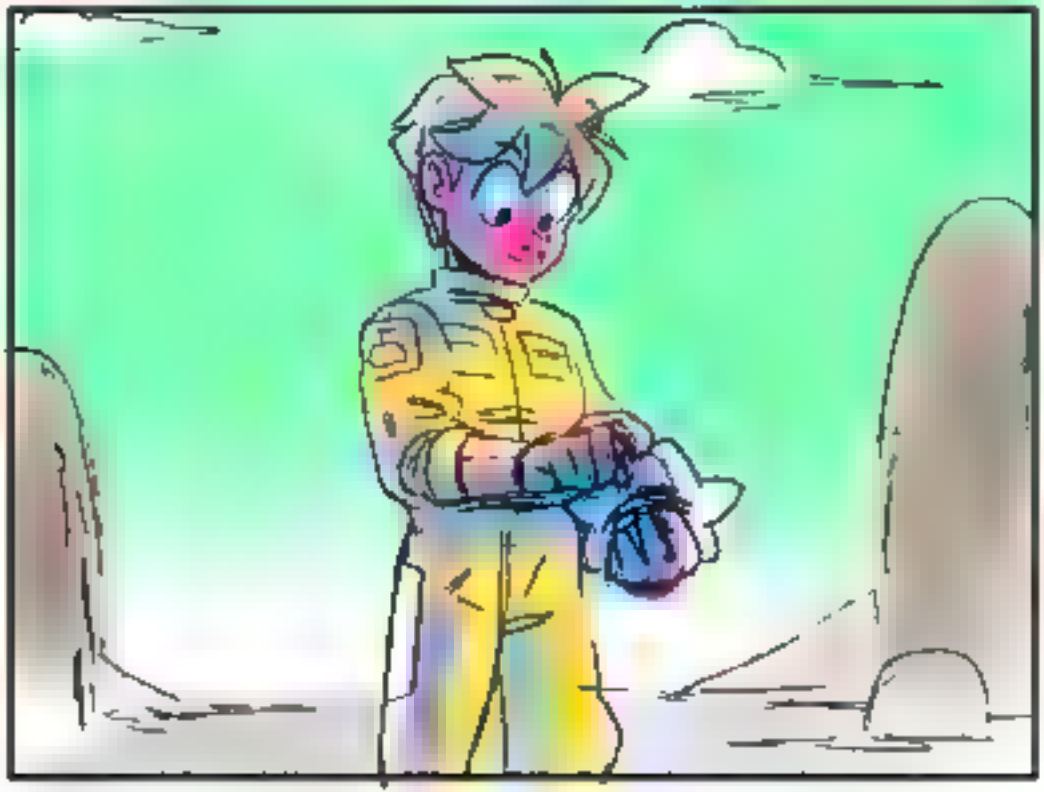
BUT
ONE FALSE MOVE
AND I SHALL NOT
HESITATE TO
KILL YE!

I WARN YE NOT TO WASTE MY TIME...
MY QUEEN'S LIFE HANGS IN THE BALANCE WHILE I AM NOT BY HER SIDE.
I MUST MAKE HASTE.

DEAL.


TAK
TAK

DON'T WORRY, SCOUT. I'LL FIX YOU AS SOON AS WE FIND THE SHIP.



/CHAPTER 4 END\

BECOME A PATRON:

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